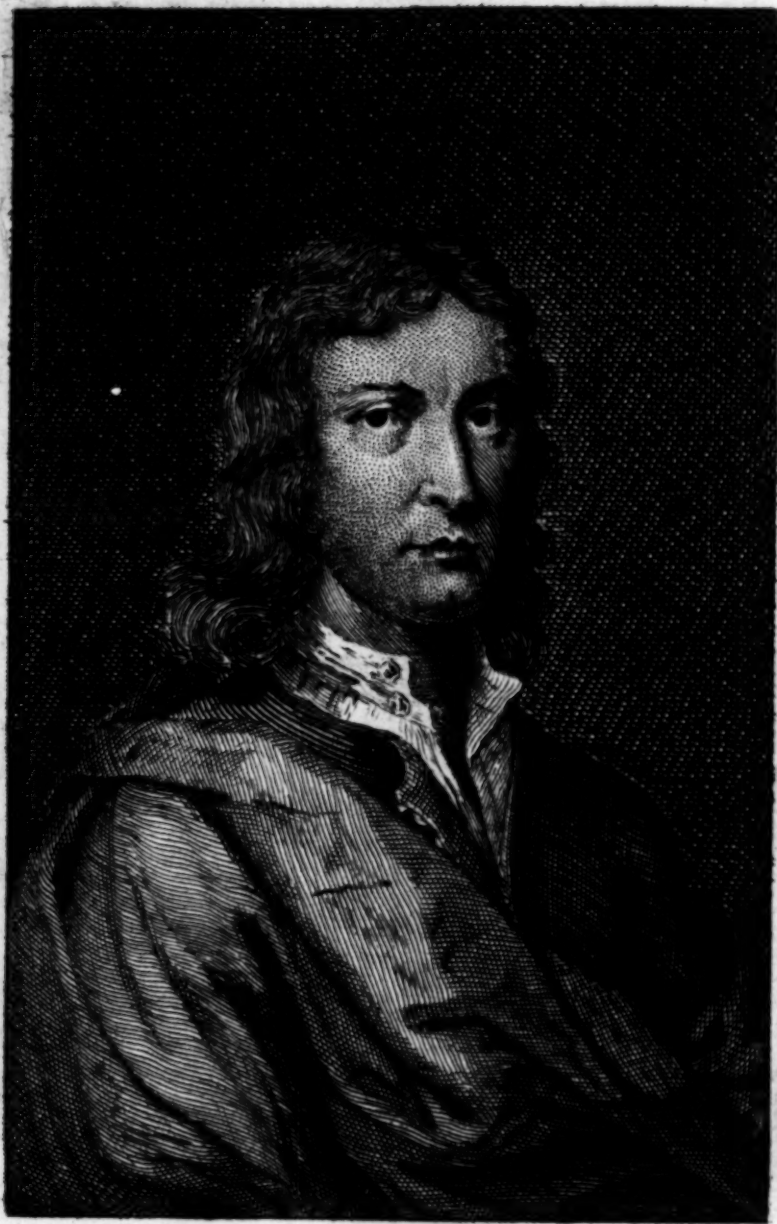


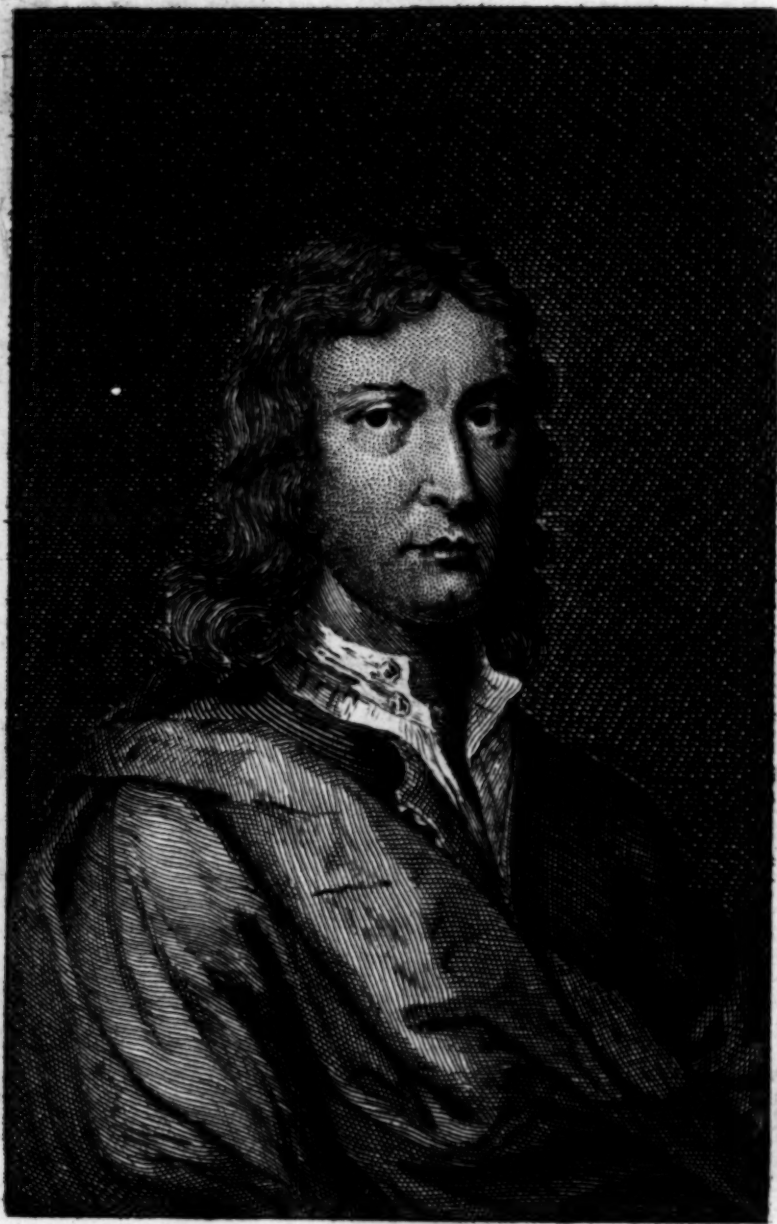
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Honos erit huic quoque pomo ?
Virgil.

page 22

M



Honos erit huic quoque pomo ?
Virgil.

page 22

2 Libris
C. J. Higgs-
P O E M S

ATTEMPTED
CHARLES HIGGS
In the STYLE of

M I L T O N.

B Y

Mr. *K* JOHN PHILIPS.

With a new Account of his LIFE
and WRITINGS.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. DAVIES, in *Russel-Street*; T.
LOWNDES, in *Fleet-Street*; and S. BLADON,
in *Pater-Noster-Row*.

M.DCC.LXXVI.





THE
L I F E
O F
Mr. *JOHN PHILIPS.*

AFTER we have read the works of a poet with pleasure, and reflected upon them with improvement, we are naturally apt to inquire into his life, the manner of his education, and other little circumstances which give a new beauty to his writings, and let us into the genius and character of their author. To satisfy this general inclination, and do some justice to the memory of Mr. *Philips*,

4 The LIFE of

we shall give the world a short account of him, and his few, but excellent, compositions.

John Philips, one of those few poets whose muse and manners were equally amiable, was born the 30th of *December* 1676 at *Bampton* in *Oxfordshire*. His father, *Dr. Stephen Philips*, Arch-deacon of *Salop*, was minister there, and his son, being a boy of a most promising nature, but of a tender constitution, was instructed at home in the first rudiments of grammar, and then sent to *Winchester-school*. Here he presently discovered the delicacy of his genius, his exercises being distinguished above those of his school-fellows by a happy imitation of the classics. He had a quick relish of the force and elegance of their sentiments as well as expressions, and did not want either skill or industry to make them his own. In the mean time, he became the darling of the whole place

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 5

by the sweetness of his temper; and while the master, a rigid disciplinarian, dispensed, on account of his tenderness, with that strict observance of those rugged rules which was severely exacted from the rest; the boys themselves were so far from murmuring at it, that they were even pleased with the distinction: though whilst they were at play he seldom joined with them, but generally retired then to his chamber. It was in these intervals chiefly that he read *Milton*; however, this was not before he was well acquainted with both *Virgil* and *Homer*, and the frequent imitations he found of these authors in *Paradise Lost*, falling in exactly with his own turn, hence he conceived an ardent passion for the *English* poet, and some small pieces which he composed at this time, shewed that he had imbibed a good share of *Milton's* style and manner before he left *Winchester*. Thus qualified he was re-

6 The LIFE of

moved to *Oxford*, in the beginning of the year 1694, and placed in *Christchurch*, at a time when that college was in the height of its reputation, by the excellent sense and spirit that flourished there, under the conduct of Dr. *Aldrich*. Here he was received with open arms into the company and acquaintance of the most distinguished wits, and as often as the statutes of the university, or the rules of his gaiety, called him to any public exercises, his performances were constantly the talk and admiration of all that heard them; and they were only heard, for he was not willing they should go any farther: since how much soever they might please others, yet he was not thoroughly satisfied with them himself. Nor did those who knew and loved him best choose to distress his modesty, by pushing him in that point. It was this modesty, and the uncommon simplicity of his manners, that more particularly endeared

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 7

endeared him to them; and they were completely happy in the enjoyment of his conversation, in which his undisguised sincerity was continually enlivened with a kind of chearfulness which innocence alone can give, heightened with a mirth that was wholly raised by a genteel and delicate raillery, without ever degenerating into ridicule. After he came to *Oxford*, *Milton's* muse became his chief delight; and the greatest part of his study for some years was laid out in tracing the steps by which that author grew to perfection. We are told, that there is not a single allusion in *Paradise Lost*, drawn from the thoughts and expressions of the *Greek* or *Latin* poet, which he could not immediately refer to; and that this was the way whereby he came to perceive what a peculiar life and grace their sentiments added to *English* poetry; how much their images raised its spirit, and what

weight and beauty their works, when translated, gave to its language. He was likewise led, by the example of his darling *Milton*, to consult the works of our old *English* poets *Chaucer* and *Spenser*. By these assistances he made himself absolute master of the true extent and compass of his mother-tongue, and we see afterwards, in his writings, he did not scruple to revive any words or phrases which he thought deserved it. Yet this was done with that modest liberty which *Horace* allows of, either in the coining of new, or restoring of ancient expressions; and to that modesty it was owing that he succeeded so happily in this dangerous attempt. Nor was this attempt made at all, till long after the time we are now speaking of; for as the delight which Mr. *Philips* took in reading the poets, was that alone which first drew his attention to their works, so he continued reading
purely

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 9

purely for his pleasure; in this he gratified his delicacy and improved his taste, and he aimed at nothing further. That delicacy which led him to study the best poets proved a sufficient check to his modesty, and restrained him from forming any plan of appearing in public himself. Besides, he had no uneasy thirst after fame; indeed, the disposition of his mind was happily adapted to the tender frame of his body. How much soever he was struck with the majesty, fire, and force of *Milton's* muse, yet he had no share in the heat and passion of that author's temper. In this he seemed entirely to be formed in *Virgil's* mould, whom he much loved and admired: and as it is said of *Milton*, that he could repeat the best part of *Homer*; so Mr. *Philips*, we are informed, could do the same of *Virgil*; like the *Roman*, he had no ambition to gratify, being best fitted by nature for that which he was most fond

fond of, the quiet enjoyment of his muse, in the company of a few select friends of his own taste and temper, and his acquaintance was among the best and politest of the university. But he seems to have had the highest delight in the friendship of Mr. *Edmund Smith*, the author of *Pbædra* and *Hippolytus*. This gentleman (who was fellow-collegian with Mr. *Philips*) it is well known that as unanxiously easy as he did, even in a much humbler fortune; and the bent of their studies lying the same way, they frequently communicated their thoughts to each other. This, no doubt, was as pleasant as any part of Mr. *Philips's* life, who had a soul capable of relishing all the finest enjoyments of sublime, virtuous, and elegant spirits. How much it affected Mr. *Smith*, he alone was able to express; nor perhaps could he have done it so fully, had not the occasion of writing a poem to his friend's

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 11

friend's memory, impressed on him a rapturous sensibility of his own loss. In studying poetry, Mr. *Philips* was wholly attentive to whatever helped to preserve or raise its dignity, and by continually conversing with *Milton* and the Ancients, his ear became habituated to the harmony of their numbers. Besides, as he saw the art was removed from its proper standard, so he thought it had lost much of its true worth in *English* by the jingle of rhyme; which consequently was better avoided. He was fond of history and antiquities, and the accurate knowledge he had acquired, especially in those of his own country, shews which way he spent a good part of his time; he made use of some part of this acquisition afterwards to enrich his poetry, where the extent of his reading this way, as well as his exact skill in applying it, is set to the best advantage. It was the first design of his friends

friends to breed him to the profession of physic, and though the very infirm state of his health would not suffer him to pursue that plan they had laid out for him, yet his inclinations were very strongly bent that way. He was passionately fond both of the history and philosophy of nature. Indeed, next to his muse, botany was his greatest delight as well as accomplishment; and his own ill health disabling him from applying his skill in the care of another's, he determined to recommend its usefulness to the world. This was the first motive which put him upon the thoughts of writing on that subject, and this thought he executed in the poem which he intitled *Cyder*. The general design was formed long before he left *Oxford*, though the particular plan was not settled then, which he tells us himself, he was directed in the choice of, from the passion he had to do some honour to his native country. However,
the

the foundation of it was laid in the university, and the first book composed there; but he was called to town before he had made any considerable progress: in the second, which was perfected there, he exerted all the power of genius and art to make it complete, and it is one, if not the only, finished poem of that length extant in our language. We must not omit to take notice, that the custom of smoking tobacco was highly in vogue when Mr. *Philips* came first to college, from the example of the celebrated Dean *Aldrich*, whose incessant use of it was an entertaining topic of discourse many years afterwards; concerning which the following story is related: A young student laid a wager with his chum that the Dean was at that instant smoking his pipe, *viz.* about ten o'clock in the morning. Away therefore he goes to the Deanry, where being admitted to the Dean in his study,

he

he presently relates the occasion of his visit. To which the Dean replied in perfect good humour, You see, Sir, you have lost your wager, for I am not smoking, but filling my pipe. It is no wonder therefore that he fell in with the general taste, which recommended itself the rather to him as he felt some relief from it; he has descended to sing its praises in more than one place, and his *Splendid Shilling* owes some part of its lustre to the happy introduction of a tobacco-pipe. This piece, the first of his that appeared in public, stole its way into the world without his privity, and being printed from no very correct copy, that induced him, though not till some time after, to give a genuine edition of it. He was little anxious what fate it met with among the generality, the manuscript had diverted the choice circle of his friends, and his aim in it reached no farther. This happened not

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 15

long before the much famed action at *Blenheim*, in 1704, where the Duke of *Marlborough* gained that victory, which deservedly filled the world with his praises. The Earls of *Godolphin* and *Hallifax* had eagerly set Mr. *Addison*'s pen to work upon this occasion, and fired his poetic faculty with the assured hopes of a very extraordinary reward. On the other side, their two competitors, *Harley* and *St. John*, afterwards Earl of *Oxford* and Viscount *Bolingbroke*, pitched upon our author as perfectly capable of doing justice to his country on this subject. While Mr. *Philips* was in town he resided in Mr. *St. John*'s house, and has celebrated the kindness and generosity of his host in a *Latin* ode in *Horace*'s manner, which is undoubtedly a masterpiece. It is all of his that we have left in this kind, but from it we may form a judgment, that his writings in that language were not inferior to those he has left

left us in our own; and as *Horace* was one of his darling authors, we need not question his ability to excel in his way, as well as that of his admired *Virgil*. Our author's poem, intitled *Bleinheim*, was published in 1705; and the next year he finished that upon *Cyder*; which, after his decease, was translated into *Italian*, by a nobleman of *Florence*. His next design was that of writing a poem upon the resurrection, and the day of judgment, but this he did not live to execute, otherwise he would very probably have excelled upon a subject, for which he was exactly adapted. That subject, indeed, was only proper to be treated of in the solemn style, which he makes use of, and by one whose just notions of religion and a true spirit of poetry, could have carried his reader, without a wild enthusiasm.

—*extra flammantia mœnia mundi*, *Lucret.*

This

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 17

This is not obtruded upon the reader as a bare conjecture of our own, but we have the authority of Mr. *Smith* for it, who was undeniably a competent judge of the scheme which our author had laid down, and probably had seen the first rudiments of his design : but Mr. *Philips*'s distemper encreasing obliged him to drop the pursuit of this, and all other views, besides that of his health. He had been long troubled with a lingering consumption, attended with an asthma, a painful disorder, and had suffered many severe conflicts under it, without betraying any discontent or uneasiness ; the integrity of his heart still preserving the chearfulness of his spirits, and the singular goodness of his nature engaging his friends in the tenderest and most endearing offices to him on these occasions. By the advice of his Physicians he went to *Bath*, the summer before his death : here the ablest of the Faculty (by

B

whom

whom he was generally beloved) readily gave him their best assistance, and some present ease they did procure him, upon which he left the place, though with small hopes of recovery. Upon his removal from *Bath* he went to *Hereford*, where his mother was still living, and where the asthma returning in the winter put a period to his life, *February 15, 1708*, in the entrance almost upon the thirty-third year of his age. He was interred in the cathedral-church of *Hereford* by his mother, who caused the following inscription to be put upon his grave-stone.

JOHAN-

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 19

JOHANNES PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708.
Ætat. suæ 32.

Cujus

Ossa si requiras, hanc Urnam inspice,

Si Ingenium nescias, ipsius Opera consule ;

Si Tumulum desideras, Templum adi *Westmonaste-*

Qualis quantusque Vir fuerit, [*rienſe*]

Dicat elegans illa & præclara,

Quæ cenotaphium ibi decorat

Inscriptio.

Quàm interim erga Cognatos pius & officiosus,

Testetur hoc saxum

A MARIA PHILIPS Matre ipsius pientissimâ,

Dilecti Filii Memoriae non sine Lacrymis dicatum.

'But besides this, a monument was erected to his memory, in the place called the Poets Corner in *Westminster-Abbey*, by Sir *Simon* afterwards Lord *Harcourt*, and Lord-Chancellor of *England*. It is a neat Busto in profile, with this motto,

Honos erit huic quoque pomo. VIRG.

And the following epitaph was wrote by Dr. *Friend*, which has this very singular merit, that we there see a very great and at the same time a very just character expressed upon a monument without flattery.

Here-

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 21

Herefordiæ conduntur Ossa,
Hoc in Delubro statuitur Imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama
JOHANNIS PHILIPS:
Qui Viris bonis doctisque juxta charus,
Immortale suum Ingenium,

Eruditione multiplici excultum,
Miro animi candore,
Eximiâ morum simplicitate,
Honestavit.

Litterarum Amcœniorum sitim,
Quam *Wintoniæ* Puer sentire cœperat,
Inter *Ædis Christi* Alumnos jugiter explevit,
In illo Musarum Domicilio

Præclaris Æmulatorum studiis excitatus,
Optimis scribendi Magistris semper intentus,
Carmina fermone Patrio composuit
A Græcis Latinisque fontibus feliciter deducta,
Atticis Romanisque auribus omnino digna,
Versuum quippe Harmoniam

Rythmo didicerat.

Antiquo illo, libero, multiformi

Ad res ipsas apto prorsus, et attemperato,

Non Numeris in eundem ferè orbem redeuntibus,

Non Clausularum similiter cadentium sono

Metiri :

Uni in hoc laudis genere *Miltono* secundus,

Primoque pœne Par.

Res seu Tenuēs, seu Grandes, seu Mediocres

Ornandas sumserat,

Nusquam, non quod decuit,

Et videt, et affecutus est,

Egregius, quocunque Stylum verteret,

Fandi author, et Modorum artifex.

Fas fit Huic,

Auso licèt à tuâ Metrorum Lege discedere

O Pœsis Anglicanæ Pater, atque Conditor *Chaucer*,

Alterum tibi latus claudere,

Vatum certe Cineres, tuos undique stipantium

Non dedecebit Chorum.

S I M O N

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 23

SIMON HARCOURT Miles,

Viri benè de se, de quo Litteris meriti

Quoad viveret, Fautor,

Post Obitum piè memor,

Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.

J. PHILIPS, STEPHANI, S. T. P. Archidiaconi

Salop, *Filius, natus est* Bamptoniæ

in agro Oxon. Dec. 30, 1676.

Obiit Herefordiæ, Feb. 15, 1708.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Sturges, at the

Printers Office, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

1704

Price 1s. 6d.

By the Author

A

P O E M

To the Memory of

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

P O E M

MR. JOHN PHILLIPS

A
P O E M

To the Memory of
Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

Inscribed to the Hon. Mr. TREVOR.

By Mr. EDMUND SMITH.

S I R,

SINCE our *Iſis* ſilently deplores
The Bard who ſpread her fame to diſtant ſhores;
Since nobler pens their mournful lays ſuſpend;
My honeſt zeal, if not my verſe, commend;
Forgive the Poet, and approve the Friend. }

Your care had long his fleeting life reſtrain'd;
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd;
For his dear ſake long reſtleſs nights you bore
While rat'ling coughs his heaving veſſels tore;
Much was his pain, but your affliction more. }

Oh!

28 A Poem to the Memory of

Oh ! had no summons from the noisy gown
 Call'd thee unwilling to the nauseous town,
 Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd,
 Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled physick fail'd ;
 But since the will of Heaven his fate decreed,
 To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed ;
 Fruitless our hopes, tho' pious our essays,
 Yours to preserve a friend, and mine to praise.

Oh might I paint him in *Miltonian* verse,
 With strains like those he sung on *Glo'ster's* herse :
 But with the meaner tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
 And wanting strength to rise, descend to rhyme.

With other fire his glorious *Bleinheim* shines,
 And all the battle thunders in his lines ;
 His nervous verse great *Boileau's* strength transcends,
 And *France* to *Philips*, as to *Churchil* bends.

Oh ! various bard, you all our pow'rs controul,
 You now disturb, and now divert the soul :
Milton and *Butler* in thy muse combine,
 Above the last thy manly beauties shine ;

For

For as I've seen when rival wits contend,
 One gayly charge, one gravely wise defend ;
 This on quick turns and points in vain relies,
 This with a look demure, and steady eyes,
 With dry rebukes, or sneering praise replies. }
 So thy grave lines extort a juster smile,
 Reach *Butler's* fancy, but surpass his style ;
 He speaks *Scarron's* low phrase in humble strains,
 In thee the solemn air of great *Cervantes* reigns.

What sounding lines his abject themes express,
 What shining words the pompous *Shilling* dress ?
 There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
 The frailer piles which o'er its ruins rise.
 In her best light the comic muse appears,
 When she with borrow'd pride the buskin wears.

So when nurse *Nokes* to act young *Ammon* tries,
 With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes ;
 With dangling hands he strokes th'imperial robe,
 And with a cuckold's air commands the Globe ;

The

30 A Poem to the Memory of

The pomp and sound the whole buffoon display'd,
And *Ammon*'s son more mirth than *Gomez* made.

Forgive, dear shade, the scene my folly draws,
Thy strains divert the grief thy ashes cause :
When *Orpheus* sings the ghosts no more complain,
But in his lulling music lose their pain :
So charm the fallies of thy *Georgic* muse,
So calm our sorrows, and our joys infuse ;
Here rural notes a gentle mirth inspire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire,
Like that fair tree you praise, the poem charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.

Blest clime, which *Vaga*'s fruitful streams improve,
Etruria's envy, and her *Cosmo*'s love ;
Redstreak he quaffs beneath the *Chianti* vine,
Gives *Tuscan* yearly for thy *Scud'more*'s wine, }
And ev'n his *Tasso* would exchange for thine. }

Rise, rise, *Roscommon*, see the *Bleinheim* muse,
The dull constraint of monkish rhyme refuse ;

See

See o'er the *Alps* his tow'ring pinions soar,
 Where never *English* poet reach'd before :
 See mighty *Cosmo's* counsellor and friend,
 By turns on *Cosmo* and the bard attend ;
 Rich in the coins and busts of ancient *Rome*,
 In him he brings a nobler treasure home ;
 In them he views her gods, and domes design'd,
 In him the soul of *Rome*, and *Virgil's* mighty mind :
 To him for ease retires from toils of state,
 Not half so proud to govern, as translate.

Our *Spenser*, first by *Pisan* poets taught,
 To us their tales, their style, and numbers brought.
 To follow ours now *Tuscan* bards descend,
 From *Philips* borrow, tho' to *Spenser* lend,
 Like *Philips* too the yoke of rhyme disdain ;
 They first on *English* bards impos'd the chain,
 First by an *English* bard from rhyme their free-
 dom gain.

Tyrannic rhyme, that cramps to equal chime,
 The gay, the soft, the florid and sublime ;

Some say this chain the doubtful sense decides,
 Confines the fancy, and the judgment guides ;
 I'm sure in needless bonds it poets ties,
Procrustes like, the ax or wheel applies,
 To lop the mangled sense, or stretch it into size :
 At best a crutch that lifts the weak along,
 Supports the feeble, but retards the strong ;
 And the chance thoughts when govern'd by the close,
 Oft rise to fustian, or descend to prose.
 Your judgment, *Philips*, rul'd with steady sway,
 You us'd no curbing rhyme the muse to stay,
 To stop her fury or direct her way.
 Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigor bore,
 To wanton freely, or securely soar.
 So the stretch'd cord the shackled dancer tries,
 As prone to fall, as impotent to rise ;
 When freed he moves, the sturdy cable bends,
 He mounts with pleasure, and secure descends ;
 Now dropping seems to strike the distant ground,
 Now high in air his quiv'ring feet rebound.

Rail on, ye triflers, who to *Will's* repair
 For new lampoons, fresh cant, or modish air ;
 Rail on at *Milton's* son, who wisely bold
 Rejects new phrases, and resumes the old :
 Thus *Chaucer* lives in younger *Spenser's* strains ;
 In *Maro's* page reviving *Ennius* reigns ;
 The ancient words the majesty compleat,
 And make the poem venerably great :
 So when the Queen in royal habit's drest,
 Old mystic emblems grace th' imperial vest,
 And in *Eliza's* robes all *Anna* stands confest.
 A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
 At *Dick's* and *Batson's*, and thro' *Smithfield* prais'd,
 Cries out aloud — Bold *Oxford* bard, forbear
 With rugged numbers to torment my ear ;
 Yet not like thee the heavy critic soars,
 But paints in fustian, or in turn deplores ;
 With *Bunyan's* style profanes heroic songs,
 To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs ;

34 A Poem to the Memory of

For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels strain,
And in low prose dull *Lucifer* complain;
His envious muse, by native dulness curst,
Damns the best poems, and contrives the worst.

Beyond his praise or blame thy works prevail,
Compleat where *Dryden* and thy *Milton* fail;
Great *Milton's* wing on lower themes subsides,
And *Dryden* oft in rhyme his weakness hides;
You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear,
And yet, on humble subjects, great appear.
'Thrice happy youth, whom noble *Isis* crowns!
Whom *Blackmore* censures, and *Godolphin* owns;
So on the tuneful *Margarita's* tongue
The list'ning nymphs, and ravish'd heroes hung;
But cits and sops the heav'n-born music blame,
And bawl, and hiss, and damn her into fame;
Like her sweet voice is thy harmonious song,
As high, as sweet, as easy, and as strong.

Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his days,
The tow'ring bard had sung in nobler lays,

How

How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
 How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread;
 How op'ning heav'ns their happy regions show,
 And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance
 glow,
 And saints rejoice above, and sinners howl be-
 low :

Well might he sing the day he could not fear,
 And paint the glories he was sure to wear.

Oh best of friends, will ne'er the silent urn
 To our just vows the hapless youth return?
 Must he no more divert the tedious day?
 Nor sparkling thoughts in antique words convey?
 No more to harmless irony descend,
 To noisy fools a grave attention lend,
 Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?
 No more in false pathetic phrase complain
 Of *Delia's* wit, her charms, and her disdain?
 Who now shall God-like *Anna's* fame diffuse?
 Must she, when most she merits, want a muse?

36 A Poem to the Memory of

Who now our *Twyfden's* glorious fate shall tell ?
 How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell :
 How while the troubled elements around,
 Earth, water, air, the stunning din resound ;
 Through streams of smoke, and adverse fire he rides ;
 While every shot is levell'd at his sides ;
 How, while the fainting *Dutch* remotely fire,
 And the fam'd *Eugene's* iron troops retire,
 In the first front amidst a slaughter'd pile,
 High on the mound he dy'd near *Great Argyle*.

Whom shall I find unbiass'd in dispute,
 Eager to learn, unwilling to confute ?
 To whom the labours of my soul disclose,
 Reveal my pleasure, or discharge my woes ?
 Oh ! in that heav'nly youth for ever ends
 The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends.
 He sacred friendship's strictest laws obey'd,
 Yet more by conscience than by friendship sway'd,
 Against himself his gratitude maintain'd,
 By favours past, not future prospects gain'd :

Mr. J O H N P H I L I P S. 37

Not nicely choos'ing, tho' by all desir'd ;
Tho' learn'd, not vain ; and humble, tho' admir'd :
Candid to all, but to himself severe,
In humour pliant, as in life austere.
A wise content his even soul secur'd,
By want not shaken, or by wealth allur'd.
To all sincere, tho' earnest to commend,
Could praise a rival, or condemn a friend.
To him old *Greece* and *Rome* were fully known,
Their tongues, their spirit, and their styles his own :
Pleas'd the least steps of famous men to view,
Our author's works, and lives, and souls he knew ;
Paid to the Learn'd and Great the same esteem,
The one his pattern, and the one his theme :
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm *Pindar's* rage, and *Euclid's* reason join'd.
Judicious physic's noble art to gain
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas in vain !
The drugs and plants their drooping master fail'd,
Nor goodness now, nor learning ought avail'd :

38 A Poem to the Memory of

Yet to the bard his *Churchill's* foul they gave,
And made him scorn the life they could not save.

Else could he bear unmov'd the fatal guest,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppress,
The coughs that struggled from his weary breast?

Could he unmov'd approaching death sustain?

Its slow advances, and its racking pain?

Could he serene his weeping friends survey,

In his last hours his easy wit display,

Like the rich fruit he sings, delicious in decay.

Once on thy friends look down, lamented shade,

And view the honours to thy ashes paid;

Some thy lov'd dust in *Parian* stones enshrine,

Others immortal epitaphs design;

With wit, and strength, that only yield to thine:

Ev'n I, tho' slow to touch the painful string,

Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.

Thee, *Philips*, thee despairing *Vaga* mourns,

And gentle *Isis* soft complaints returns;

Dormer

Dormer laments amidst the war's alarms ;
 And *Cecil* weeps in beauteous *Tuston's* arms :
 Thee on the *Po* kind *Somerset* deplores,
 And ev'n that charming scene his grief restores :
 He to thy loss each mournful air applies,
 Mindful of thee on huge *Taburnus* lies,
 But most at *Virgil's* tomb his swelling sorrows rise. }

But you, his darling friends, lament no more,
 Display his fame, and not his fate deplore ;
 And let no tears from erring pity flow,
 For one that's blest above, immortaliz'd below.

Mr. John F. Smith

Dear Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

in relation to the matter of the

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. F. Smith

By order of the Board of Directors,

J. F. Smith

Secretary

Very respectfully,

J. F. Smith

By order of the Board of Directors,

J. F. Smith

Secretary

Very respectfully,

J. F. Smith

By order of the Board of Directors,

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Secretary

Very respectfully,

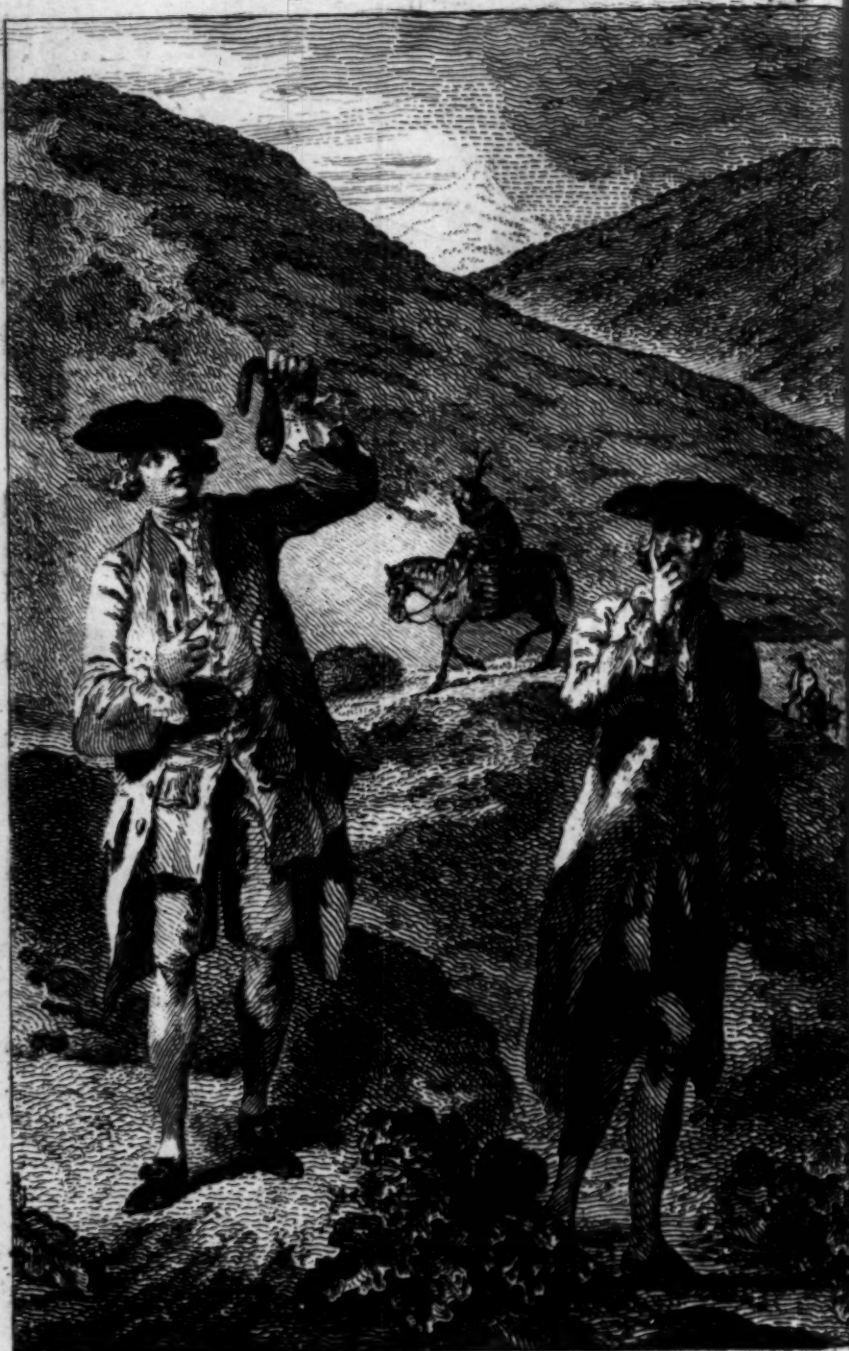
J. F. Smith

By order of the Board of Directors,

J. F. Smith

Secretary





A. Walker del. et sculp.



T H E
SPLENDID SHILLING.



Privately dedicated to
his friend Mr. Brome
of Ewington, Herefordshire
and Brome sent Phillips
a pound of Tobacco in return.
The Wives of that age were all
Smokers.

Genl. Mag. vol 50.
p. 365-

T H E

SPLENDID SHILLING.

——— Sing, heavenly Muse,
Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,
A Shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who void of cares and strife,
In silken, or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: He nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor fights for chearful ale;
But with his Friends when nightly mists arise,
To *Juniper's Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* * repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
CLOE, or PHILLIS; he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.

* Two noted Alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

Mean

44 The SPLENDID SHILLING.

Mean while, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
 Or Pun ambiguous, or Conundrum quaint.
 But I, whom griping penury furrounds,
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff
 (Wretched repast!) my meagre corps sustain :
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd fingers ; or from tube as black
 As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
 Exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming scent :
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size
 Smokes *Cambro-Briton* (vers'd in pedigree,
 Sprung from *Cadwalador* and *Arthur*, Kings
 Full famous in romantic tale) when he
 O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his wares, or at th' *Arvonian* mart,
 Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient town

Yclip'd

The SPLENDID SHILLING. 45

Yclip'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga's* stream
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful soil !
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With *Maffic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace a *Dun*,
Horrible monster ! hated by Gods and men,
To my ærial citadel ascends,
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls ; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What shou'd I do ? or whither turn ? amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of woodhole ; strait my bristling hairs erect
Thro' sudden fear ; a chilly sweat bedews
My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell !)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech ;
So horrible he seems ! his faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous

46 The SPLENDID SHILLING.

Disastrous acts forebode ; in his right hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters, and figures dire inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal eyes ; (ye Gods avert
 Such plagues from righteous men ;) behind him stalks
 Another monster not unlike himself,
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
 A *Catchpole*, whose polluted hands the Gods
 With force incredible, and magic charms
 First have endu'd, if he his ample palm
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, strait his body, to the touch
 Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
 In durance strict detain him, till in form
 Of money, PALLAS sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk, beware,
 Be circumspect ; oft with insidious ken
 This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft

The SPLENDID SHILLING. 47

Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to inchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye,
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her difembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall, or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, intangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws the vital blood

Drinks

48 The SPLENDID SHILLING.

Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind, or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desp'rate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Mean while I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,

Thoughtful

The SPLENDID SHILLING. 49

Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain ; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*,
Nor *Walnut* in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor *Medlar* fruit delicious in decay :

Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain :

My *Galligaskins* that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdu'd, (what will not time subdue !)
An horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice

Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' *Ægean* deep,

D

Or

50 THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

Or the *Ionian*, till cruising near
 The *Lilybean* shore, with hideous crush
 On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous rocks!)
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd oak,
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
 Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
 The mariners; death in their eyes appears,
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear,
 they pray:
 (Vain efforts!) still the batt'ring waves rush in,
 Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,
 The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyfs.



BLEIN-

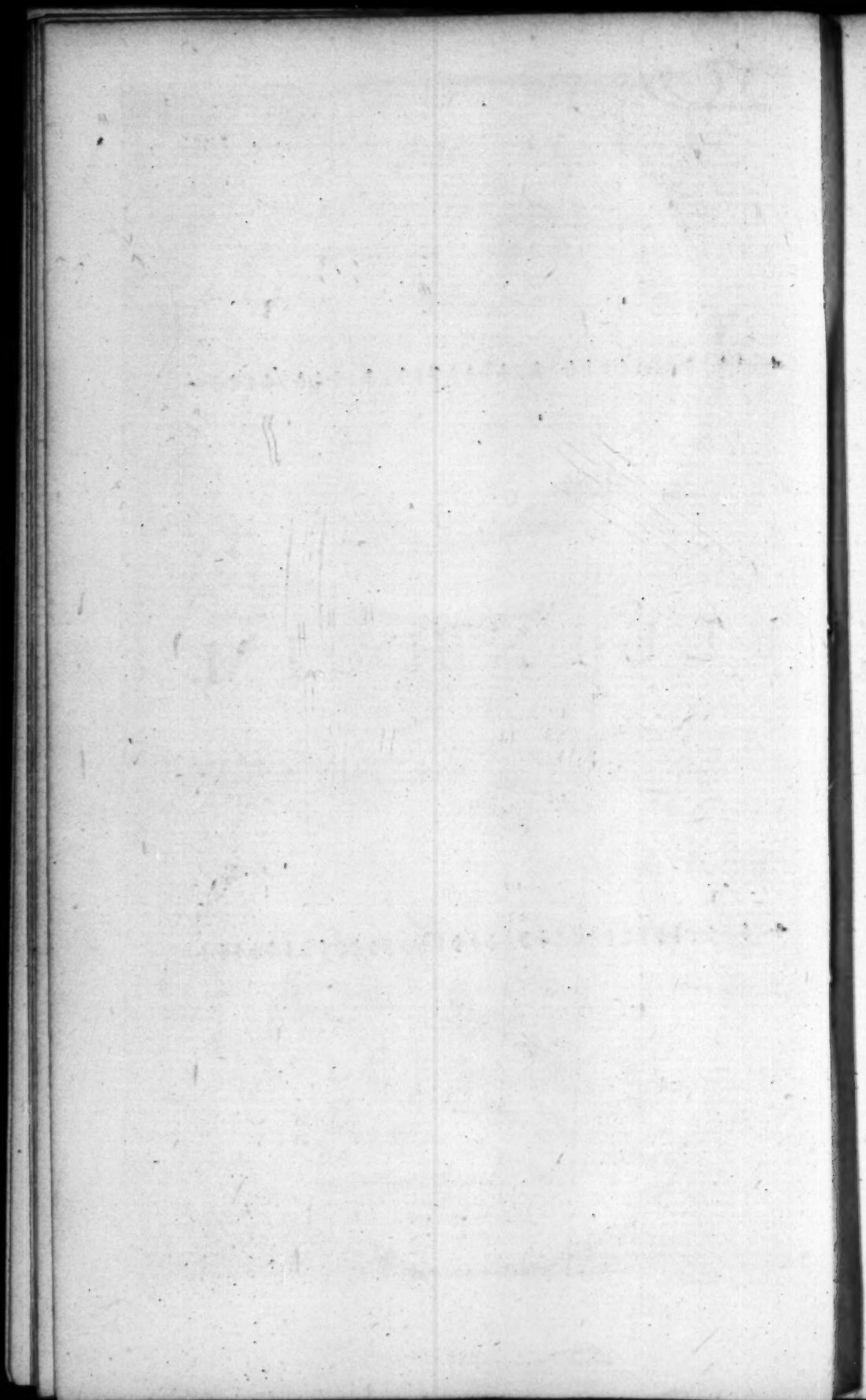






BLEINHEIM.





BLEINHEIM.

FROM low and abject themes the grov'ling Muse
Now mounts ærial, to sing of arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
Of *Britain's* hero ; may the verse not sink
Beneath his merits, but detain a while
Thy ear, O *Harley* *, (tho' thy country's weal
Depends on thee, tho' mighty *Anne* requires
Thy hourly counsels) since with ev'ry art
Thyself adorn'd, the mean essays of youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, where-ever found,
The willing genius to the Muses seat :
Therefore thee first, and last, the Muse shall sing..

Long had the *Gallic* monarch, uncontroul'd,
Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force

* This Poem was inscrib'd to the Right Honourable *Robert Harley*, Esq; 1705, then Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons, and Secretary of State.

Opponent slightly thought, in heart elate,
As erst *Sesoftris*, (proud *Egyptian* king,
That monarchs harness'd to his chariot yokt,
(Base servitude !) and his dethron'd compeers
Last furious ; they in fullen majesty
Drew the uneasy load ;) Nor less he aim'd
At universal sway : for *William's* arm
Could naught avail, however fam'd in war ;
Nor armies leagu'd, that diversly assay'd
To curb his pow'r enormous ; like an oak,
That stands secure, tho' all the winds employ
Their ceaseless roar, and only sheds its leaves,
Or mast, which the revolving spring restores :
So stood he, and alone ; alone defy'd
The *European* thrones combin'd, and still
Had set at naught their machinations vain,
But that great *Anne*, weighing th'events of war
Momentous, in her prudent heart, thee chose,
Thee, *Churchill*, to direct in nice extremes
Her banner'd legions. Now their pristine worth

The *Britons* recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccustom'd air,
And other climes, where diff'rent food and soil
Portend distempers; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilsome, unfatigu'd with length
Of march, unstruck with horror at the sight
Of *Alpine* ridges bleak, high stretching hills,
All white with summers snows. They go beyond
The trace of *English* steps, where scarce the sound
Of *Henry's* arms arriv'd; such strength of heart
Thy conduct, and example gives; nor small
Encouragement, *Godolphin*, wise, and just,
Equal in merit, honour and success,
To *Burleigh*, (fortunate alike to serve
The best of Queens:) he, of the royal store
Splendidly frugal, sits whole nights devoid
Of sweet repose, industrious to procure
The soldier's ease; to regions far remote
His care extends: and to the *British* host
Makes ravag'd countries plenteous as their own.

And now, O *Churchill*! at thy wisht approach
The *Germans*, hopeless of success, forlorn,
With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
New animated rouse; not more rejoice
The miserable race of men, that live
Benighted half the year, benumm'd with frosts
Perpetual, and rough *Boreas*' keenest breath,
Under the polar Bear, inclement sky,
When first the sun with new-born light removes
The long incumbent gloom; gladly to thee
Heroic laurel'd *Eugene* yields the prime,
Nor thinks it diminution, to be rankt
In military honour next, altho'
His deadly hand shook the *Turcheſtan* throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided lands
Victorious; on thy pow'rful sword alone
Germania, and the *Belgic* coast relies,
Won from th' encroaching sea: that sword great *Anne*
Fix'd not in vain on thy puissant side,
When thee sh' enroll'd her garter'd knights among,

Illustrating the noble list ; her hand
Affures good omens, and Saint *George's* worth
Enkindles like desire of high exploits.
Immediate sieges, and the tire of war
Roll in thy eager mind ; thy plummy crest
Nods horrible ; with more terrific port
Thou walk'st, and seem'st already in the fight.

What spoils, what conquests then did *Albion* hope
From thy atchievements ! yet thou hast surpast
Her boldest vows, exceeded what thy foes
Could fear, or fancy ; they, in multitude
Superior fed their thoughts with prospect vain
Of victory, and rapine, reck'ning what
From ransom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
Jovial his mate bespoke ; O friend, observe,
How gay with all th'accoutrements of war
The *Britons* come, with gold well fraught they come
Thus far our prey, and tempt us to subdue
Their recreant force ; how will their bodies 'stript
Enrich the victors, while the vultures fate

Their

Their maws with full repast ! another warm'd
With high ambition, and conceit of prowess
Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd ;
What if this sword, full often drench'd in blood
Of base antagonists, with griding edge
Should now cleave sheer the execrable head
Of *Churchill*, met in arms ! or if this hand,
Soon as his army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
Should stay him flying, with retentive gripe,
Confounded and appal'd ! no trivial price
Should set him free, nor small should be my praise
To lead him shackled, and expos'd to scorn
Of gath'ring crowds the *Britons'* boasted chief.

Thus they, in sportive mood, their empty taunts
And menaces exprest ; nor could their prince
In arms, vain *Tallard*, from opprobrious speech
Refrain ; Why halt ye thus, ye *Britons* ? Why
Decline the war ? Shall a morass forbid
Your easy march ? Advance ; we'll bridge a way
Safe of access. Imprudent, thus t'invite

A furious

A furious lion to his folds! that boast
He ill abides, captiv'd in other plight
He soon revisits *Britanny*, that once
Resplendent came, with stretcht retinue girt,
And pompous pageantry; O hapless fate,
If any arm, but *Churchill's*, had prevail'd!

No need such boasts, or exprobrations false
Of cowardice; the military mound
The *British* files transcend, in evil hour
For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate.
And now on either side the trumpets blew,
Signal of onset, resolution firm
Inspiring, and pernicious love of war.
The adverse fronts in rueful conflict meet,
Collecting all their might; for on th' event
Decisive of this bloody day depends
The fate of kingdoms: with less vehemence
The great Competitors for *Rome* engag'd,
Cæsar, and *Pompey*, on *Pharsalian* plains,
Where stern *Bellona*, with one final stroke,

Adjudg'd

Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one.
Here the *Bavarian* Duke his brigades leads,
Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
Bold champion! brandishing his *Noric* blade,
Best temper'd steel, successless prov'd in field!
Next *Tallard*, with his *Celtic* infantry
Presumptuous comes; here *Churchill*, not so prompt
To vaunt, as fight, his hardy cohorts joins
With *Eugene's* *German* force. Now from each van
The brazen instruments of death discharge
Horrid flames, and turbid streaming clouds
Of smoke sulphureous, intermixt with these
Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiss,
Singeing the air, and from long distance bring
Surprising slaughter; on each side they fly
By chains connext, and with destructive sweep
Behead whole troops at once; the hairy scalps
Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous trunks bestrew
Th' ensanguin'd field; with latent mischief stor'd
Show'rs of granadoes rain, by sudden burst

Disploding

Disploding murd'rous bowels, fragments of steel,
And stones, and glafs, and nitrous grain adust ;
A thousand ways at once the shiver'd orbs
Fly diverse, working torment, and foul rout
With deadly bruise, and gashes furrow'd deep.
Of pain impatient, the high prancing steeds
Disdain the curb, and flinging to and fro,
Spurn their dismounted riders ; they expire
Indignant, by unhostile wounds destroy'd.

Thus thro' each army death in various shapes
Prevail'd ; here mangled limbs, here brains and gore
Lie clotted ; lifeless some : with anguish these
Gnashing, and loud laments invoking aid,
Unpity'd, and unheard ; the louder din
Of guns, and trumpets clang, and solemn sound
Of drums o'ercame their groans. In equal scale
Long hung the fight, few marks of fear were seen,
None of retreat : As when two adverse winds,
Sublim'd from dewy vapours, in mid sky
Engage with horrid shock, the ruffled brine

Roars

Roars stormy, they together dash the clouds,
Levy'ing their equal force with utmost rage ;
Long undecided lasts the airy strife.
So they incens'd : 'till *Churchill*, viewing where
The violence of *Tallard* most prevail'd,
Came to oppose his slaught'ring arm ; with speed
Precipitant he rode, urging his way
O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fall'n steeds
Rolling in death : Destruction, grim with blood,
Attends his furious course. Him thus enrag'd
Descrying from afar some engineer,
Dextrous to guide th' unerring charge, design'd
By one nice shot to terminate the war.
With aim direct the levell'd bullet flew,
But miss'd her scope (for Destiny withstood
Th' approaching wound) and guiltless plough'd her
Beneath his courser ; round his sacred head [way
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
Amongst the scatter'd *Gauls*. But O! beware,

Great

Great warrior, nor too prodigal of life,
Expose the *British* safety : hath not *Jove*
Already warn'd thee to withdraw ? Reserve
Thyself for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid
Eugene, with regiments unequal prest,
Awaits ; this day of all his honours gain'd,
Despoils him, if thy succour opportune
Defends not the sad hour : permit not thou
So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
To bite the ground unnoted. — Swift, and fierce
As wintry storm, he flies, to reinforce
The yielding wing ; in *Gallic* blood again
He dews his reeking sword, and strews the ground
With headless ranks ; (so *Ajax* interpos'd
His sevenfold shield, and screen'd *Laertes'* son,
For valour much, and warlike wiles renown'd,
When the insulting *Trojans* urg'd him sore
With tilted spears :) unmanly dread invades
The *French* astonish'd ; strait their useless arms
They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,

Unseemly

Unseemly yelling ; distant hills return
The hideous noise. What can they do ? or, how
Withstand his wide-destroying sword ? or, where
Find shelter thus repuls'd ? behind with wrath
Resistless, th' eager *English* champions press
Chastising tardy flight ; before them rolls
His current swift the *Danube* vast, and deep,
Supream of rivers ; to the frightful brink,
Urg'd by compulsive arms soon as they reacht,
New horror chill'd their veins : devote they saw
Themselves to wretched doom ; with efforts vain,
Encourag'd by despair, or obstinate
To fall like men in arms, some dare renew
Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
On the firm land ; the rest discomfited,
And pusht by *Marlborough's* avengeful hand,
Leap plunging in the wide extended flood.
Bands numerous as the *Memphian* soldiery
That swell'd th' *Erythraean* wave, when wall'd
The unfroze waters marvellously flood,

Observant

Observant of the great command. Upborne
By frothy billows thousands float the stream
In cumbrous mail, with love of farther shore;
Confiding in their hands, that sed'lous strive
To cut th' outrageous fluent: in this distress,
Ev'n in the sight of death, some tokens shew
Of fearless friendship, and their sinking mates
Sustain: vain love, tho' laudable! absorb'd
By a fierce eddy, they together found
The vast profundity; their horses paw
The swelling surge with fruitless toil: surcharg'd,
And in his course obstructed by large spoil,
The river flows redundant, and attacks
The ling'ring remnant with unusual tide;
Then rolling back, in his capacious lap
Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immerst.
So when some swelt'ring travellers retire
To leafy shades, near the cool sunless verge
Of *Paraba, Brasilian* stream; her tail
Of vast extension from her watry den,

E

A grisly

A grisly *Hydra* suddenly shoots forth,
Infidious, and with curl'd envenom'd train
Embracing horridly, at once the crew
Into the river whirls; th' unweeting prey
Entwisted roars, th' affrighted flood rebounds,

Nor did the *British* squadrons now surcease
To gall their foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
In the moist element a scorching death,
Pierc'd sinking; shrouded in a dusky cloud
The current flows, with livid missive flames
Boiling, as once *Pergamean Xanthus* boil'd,
Inflam'd by *Vulcan*, when the swift-footed son
Of *Peleus* to his baleful banks pursu'd
The straggling *Trojans*: nor less eager drove
Victorious *Churchill* his desponding foes
Into the deep immense, that many a league
Impurpled ran, with gushing gore distain'd.

Thus the experienc'd valour of one man,
Mighty in conflict, rescu'd harrafs'd pow'rs
From ruin impendent, and th' afflicted throne
Imperial,

Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
Sustain'd. With prudent stay, he long defer'd
The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
An host disparted; when, in union firm
Embody'd they advanc'd, collecting all
Their strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdu'd:
He the proud boasters sent, with stern assault,
Down to the realms of night. The *British* souls,
(A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
On *Landen*-plains, this heav'nly gladsome air,
Exult to see the crouding ghosts descend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the cares
Of mortal life, and drink th' oblivious lake.
Not so the new inhabitants: they roam
Erroneous, and disconsolate; themselves
Accusing, and their chiefs, improvident
Of military chance; when lo! they see,
Thro' the dun mist, in blooming beauty fresh,
Two lovely youths, that amicably walkt
O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, *revolv'd*

Anna's late conquests ; * one, to empire born,
Egregious Prince, whose manly childhood shew'd
His mingled parents, and portended joy
Unspeakable ; † thou, his associate dear
Once in this world, nor now by fate disjoin'd,
Had thy presiding star propitious shone,
Should'st *Churchill* be ! but Heav'n severe cut'short
Their springing years, nor would this isle should boast
Gifts so important ! them the *Gallic* shades
Surveying, read in either radiant look
Marks of excessive dignity and grace,
Delighted ; 'till, in one, their curious eye
Discerns their great subduer's awful mien,
And corresponding features fair ; to them
Confusion ! strait the airy phantoms fleet,
With headlong haste, and dread a new pursuit ;
The image pleas'd with joy paternal smiles.
Enough, O muse ; the sadly-pleasing theme

* Duke of *Gloucester*. † Marquis of *Blandford*.

Leave,

Leave, with these dark abodes, and re-ascend
To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait
The conqu'ror, and fav'd nations joint acclaim.
Hark, how the cannon, inoffensive now,
Gives signs of gratulation; struggling crouds
From ev'ry city flow; with ardent gaze
Fixt, they behold the *British* Guide, of sight
Insatiate; whilst his great redeeming hand
Each prince affects to touch respectful. See
How *Prussia's* King transported entertains
His mighty guest; to him the royal pledge,
Hope of his realm, commits, (with better fate,
Than to the *Trojan* Chief *Evander* gave
Unhappy *Pallas*) and intreats to shew
The skill and rudiments austere of war.
See, with what joy, him *Leopold* declares
His great Deliverer; and courts t'accept
Of titles, with superior modesty
Better refus'd. Mean while the haughty King
Far humbler thoughts now learns; despair, and fear

Now first he feels ; his laurels all at once
Torn from his aged head, in life's extream,
Distract his soul ; nor can great *Boileau's* harp
Of various sounding wire, best taught to calm
Whatever passion, and exalt the soul
With highest strains, his languid spirits cheer :
Rage, shame, and grief, alternate in his breast.

But who can tell what pangs, what sharp remorse
Torment the *Boian* prince ? from native soil
Exil'd by fate, torn from the dear embrace
Of weeping comfort, and depriv'd the sight
Of his young guiltless progeny, he seeks
Inglorious shelter, in an alien land ;
Deplorable ! but that his mind averse
To right, and insincere, would violate
His plighted faith : why did he not accept
Friendly composure offer'd ? or well weigh,
With whom he must contend ? encount'ring fierce
The *Solymean* Sultan, he o'erthrew
His moony troops, returning bravely smear'd

With

With *Painim* blood effus'd ; nor did the *Gaul*
Not find him once a baleful foe : but when,
Of counsel rash, new measures he pursues,
Unhappy prince ! (no more a prince) he sees
Too late his error, forc'd t' implore relief
Of him, he once defy'd. O destitute
Of hope, unpity'd ! thou should'st first have thought
Of persevering stedfast ; now upbraid
Thy own inconstant ill-aspiring heart.
Lo ! how the *Noric* plains, thro' thy default
Rise hilly, with large piles of slaughter'd knights,
Best men, that warr'd still firmly for their prince
Tho' faithless, and unshaken duty shew'd ;
Worthy of better end. Where cities stood,
Well fenc'd, and numerous desolation reigns,
And emptiness, dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd
The widow, and the orphan strole around
The desert wide ; with oft retorted eye
They view the gaping walls, and poor remains
Of mansions, once their own (now loathsome haunts

Of birds obscene), bewailing loud the loss
Of spouse, or fire, or son, ere manly prime
Slain in sad conflict, and complain of fate
As partial, and too rigorous; nor find
Where to retire themselves, or where appease
Th' afflictive keen desire of food, expos'd
To winds, and storms, and jaws of savage beasts.

Thrice happy *Albion*! from the world disjoin'd
By Heav'n propitious, blissful seat of peace!
Learn from thy neighbours miseries to prize
Thy welfare; crown'd with nature's choicest gift.
Remote thou hear'st the dire effect of war,
Depopulation, void alone of fear,
And peril, whilst the dismal symphony
Of drums and clarions other realms annoys.
Th' *Iberian* scepter undecided, here
Engages mighty hosts in wasteful strife;
From diff'rent climes the flow'r of youth descends
Down to the *Lusitanian* vales, resolv'd
With utmost hazard to enthrone their prince,

Gallic, or *Austrian* ; havoc dire ensues,
And wild uproar : the natives dubious whom
They must obey, in consternation wait,
'Till rigid conquest will pronounce their liege.
Nor is the brazen voice of war unheard
On the mild *Latian* shore ; what sighs and tears
Hath *Eugene* caus'd ! how many widows curse
His cleaving faulcheon ! fertile soil in vain !
What do thy pastures, or thy vines avail,
Best boon of Heav'n ! or huge *Taburnus*, cloath'd
With olives, when the cruel battle mows
The planters, with their harvest immature ?
See, with what outrage from the frosty north,
The early valiant *Swede* draws forth his wings
In battailous array, while *Volga's* stream
Sends opposite, in shaggy armour clad,
Her borderers ; on mutual slaughter bent,
They rend their countries. How is *Poland* vex'd
With civil broils, while two elected Kings

Contend

Contend for sway? unhappy nation, left
Thus free of choice! the *English* undisturb'd
With such sad privilege, submit obey
Whom Heav'n ordains supreme, with reverence due,
Not thralldom, in fit liberty secure;
From scepter'd Kings, in long descent deriv'd,
Thou *Anna* rulest; prudent to promote
Thy people's ease at home, nor studious less
Of *Europe's* good; to thee, of Kingly rights
Sole arbitress, declining thrones, and pow'rs
Sue for relief; thou bid'st thy *Churchill* go,
Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
Of haughty *Louis*, unconfin'd; he goes
Obsequious, and the dread command fulfils,
In one great day. Again thou giv'st in charge
To *Rook*, that he should let that monarch know,
The empire of the ocean wide diffus'd
Is thine; behold! with winged speed he rides
Undaunted o'er the lab'ring main t'assert

Thy

Thy liquid kingdoms ; at his near approach
The *Gallic* navies impotent to bear
His volly'd thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud,
And bless the friendly interposing night.

Hail, mighty *Queen*, reserv'd by Fate to grace
The new-born age ; what hopes may we conceive
Of future years, when to thy early reign
Neptune submits his trident, and thy arms
Already have prevail'd to th' utmost bound
Hesperian, *Calpe*, by *Alcides* fixt,
Mountain sublime, that casts a shade of length
Immeasurable, and rules the inland waves !
Let others, with insatiate thirst of rule,
Invade their neighbours lands, neglect the ties
Of leagues and oaths ; this thy peculiar praise
Be still, to study right, and quell the force
Of Kings perfidious ; let them learn from thee
That neither strength, nor policy refin'd,
Shall with success be crown'd, where justice fails.

Thou, with thy own content, not for thyself,
Subduest regions, generous to raise
The suppliant knee, and curb the rebel neck.
The *German* boasts thy conquests, and enjoys
The great advantage ; naught to thee redounds
But satisfaction from thy conscious mind.

Auspicious *Queen*, since in thy realms secure
Of peace, thou reign'st, and victory attends
Thy distant ensigns, with compassion view
Europe embroil'd ; still thou (for thou alone
Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms ire,
Reciprocally ruinous ; say who
Shall wield th' *Hesperian*, who the *Polish* sword,
By thy decree ; the trembling lands shall hear
Thy voice, obedient, lest thy scourge should bruise
Their stubborn necks, and *Churchill* in his wrath
Make them remember *Bleinheim* with regret.

Thus shall the nations, aw'd to peace, extol
Thy pow'r, and justice ; Jealousies and Fears,

And

And Hate infernal banish'd, shall retire
To *Mauritania*, or the *Bactrian* coasts,
Or *Tartary*, engend'ring discords fell
Amongst the enemies of truth ; while arts
Pacific, and inviolable love
Flourish in *Europe*. Hail *Saturnian* days
Returning ! in perpetual tenor run
Delectable, and shed your influence sweet
On virtuous *Anna's* head : ye happy days,
By her restor'd, her just designs complete,
And, mildly on her shining, bless the world.

Thus from the noisy croud exempt, with ease,
And plenty blest, amid the mazy groves,
(Sweet solitude !) where warbling birds provoke
The silent Muse, delicious rural feat
Of *St. John*, *English Memmius*, I presum'd
To sing *Britannic* trophies, inexpert
Of war, with mean attempt ; while he intent
(So *Anna's* will ordains) to expedite

His

His military charge *, no leisure finds
To string his charming shell ; but when return'd
Consummate Peace shall rear her cheerful head,
Then shall his *Churchill* in sublimer verse
For ever triumph ; latest times shall learn
From such a Chief to fight, and Bard, to sing.

* He was then Secretary of War.



O D E

A D

Henricum St. John, Armig'

1706.



O D E

A D

Henricum St. John, Armig'

1706.

I.

O Qui recisæ finibus Indicis
Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire succum, et suaveolentes
Sæpe tubis iterare fumos;

II.

Qui solus acri respicis asperum
Siti palatum, proluis et mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui saporem
Hesperii pretiumque, soles:

F

III.

III.

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum? prome reconditum,
Pimplæa, carmen, desidésque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

IV.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,
Quà cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, diva, vim præbente, vates
Explicuit venusinus alas:

V.

Solers modorum, seu puerum trucem,
Cum matre flavâ, seu caneret rofas
Et vina, cyrrhæis Hetruscum
Rite beans equitem sub antris.

VI.

At non Lyæi vis generosior
Affluxit illi; sæpe licet cadum

Jaçtet

Jaſtet Falernum, ſæpe Chia
Munera, lætitiàmque teſtæ.

VII.

Patronus illi non fuit artium
Celebriorum; ſed nec amantior
Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas
Flamma ſubit, tacitoſque ſenſus!

VIII.

Pertentat, ut téque et tua munera
Gratus recorde, mercurialium
Princeps virorum! et ipſe Muſæ
Cultor, et uſque colende Muſis!

IX.

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
Receptus ægrè ſpiritus, ilia
Dum pulſat ima, ac inquietum
Tuſſis agens ſine more pectus.

X.

Aktè petito quassat anhelitu ;
Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum
Distillet in venas, tuæque
Lenis opem ferat haustus uvæ.

XI.

Hanc fumo, parcis et tibi poculis
Libo salutem ; quin precor, optima
Ut usque conjux sospitetur,
Perpetuo recreans amore.

XII.

Te consulentem militiæ super
Rebus togatum. Maeste ! tori decus,
Formosa cui Francisca cessit,
Crine placens, niveoque collo !

XIII.

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O ! O ! labellis cui Venus infidet !

Tu forte felix: me Maria
Macerat (ah miserum!) videndo:

XIV.

Maria, quæ me fidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
Protinus ex animo puellas.

XV.

Hanc ulla mentis spe mihi mutæ
Utcunque desit, nocte, die vigil
Suspiro; nec jam vina somnos
Nec revocant, tua dona, fumi.



St. John, N.Y.

To the Hon. Mr. [illegible]

[illegible]

XIV

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

XV

[illegible]

[illegible]

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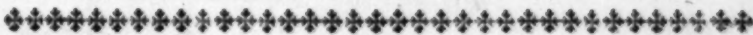
A N

O D E

T O

Henry St. John, Esquire.

1706.



F 4

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O D E

TO

Henry St. John

1702

CHICAGO

1702

A N
O D E
T O

Henry St. John, Esquire.*

1706.

I.

O Thou from *India's* fruitful soil,
That dost that sovereign herb † prepare;
In whose rich fumes I lose the toil
Of life, and every anxious care:
While from the fragrant lighted bowl
I suck new life into my soul;

* This piece was translated by the Reverend *Thomas New-*
come, M. A. of *Corpus Christi* College, *Oxon.*

† Tobacco.

II. Thou,

II.

Thou, only thou ! art kind to view
The parching flames that I sustain ;
Which with cool draughts thy casks subdue,
And wash away the thirsty pain,
With wines, whose strength and taste we prize,
From *Latian* fons and nearer skies.

III.

O ! say, to bless thy pious love,
What vows, what offerings shall I bring ?
Since I can spare, and thou approve,
No other gift, O hear me sing !
In numbers *Phæbus* does inspire,
Who strings for thee the charming lyre.

IV.

Aloft, above the liquid sky,
I stretch my wing, and fain would go
Where *Rome's* sweet swain did whilom fly ;
And soaring, left the clouds below ;

The

The Muse invoking to endue
With strength, his pinions, as he flew.

V.

Whether he sings great Beauty's praise,
Love's gentle pain, or tender woes ;
Or choose, the subject of his lays,
The blushing grape, or blooming rose :
Or near cool *Cyrrha's* rocky springs
Mæcenæ listens while he sings.

VI.

Yet he no nobler draught could boast,
His Muse or music to inspire,
Tho' all *Falernum's* purple coast
Flow'd in each glass, to lend him fire :
And on his tables us'd to smile
The vintage of rich *Chio's* isle.

VII. *Mæ-*

VII.

Mæcenæ deign'd to hear his songs,
His Muse extoll'd, his voice approv'd ;
To thee a fairer fame belongs,
At once more pleasing, more belov'd.
Oh ! teach my heart to bound its flame,
As I record thy love and fame.

VIII.

Teach me the passion to restrain,
As I my grateful homage bring ;
And last in *Phæbus*' humble train
The first and brightest genius sing.
The Muses favourite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the fame they give.

IX.

But oh ! as greatly I aspire
To tell my love, to speak thy praise,
Boasting no more its sprightly fire,
My bosom heaves, my voice decays ;

With

With pain I touch the mournful string,
And pant and languish as I sing.

X.

Faint nature now demands that breath,
That feebly strives thy worth to sing!
And would be hush'd and lost in death,
Did not thy care kind succours bring!
Thy pitying casks my soul sustain,
And call new life in every vein.

XI.

The sober glass I now behold,
Thy health, with fair *Francisca's* join,
Wishing her cheeks may long unfold
Such beauties, and be ever thine;
No chance the tender joy remove,
While she can please, and thou canst love.

XII. Thus

XII.

Thus while by you the *British* arms
 Triumphs and distant fame pursue ;
 The yielding Fair resigns her charms,
 And gives you leave to conquer too ;
 Her snowy neck, her breast, her eyes,
 And all the nymph becomes your prize,

XIII.

What comely grace, what beauty smiles,
 Upon her lips what sweetness dwells ?
 Not Love himself so oft beguiles,
 Nor *Venus* self so much excels ;
 What different fates our passions share,
 While you enjoy, and I despair ?

XIV.

* *Maria's* form as I survey,
 Her smiles a thousand wounds impart ;
 Each feature steals my soul away,
 Each glance deprives me of my heart.

* Miss Mary Meers, *Daughter of the late Principal of Brazen-*
Nose College, Oxon.

And chafing thence each other Fair
Leaves her own image only there.

XV.

Altho' my anxious breast despair,
And sighing, hopes no kind return ;
Yet for the lov'd relentless Fair
By night I wake, by day I burn.
Nor can thy gifts soft sleep supply,
Or sooth my pains, or close my eye.



CYDER;

Brazen-

And

52

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

IN TEN VOLUMES

LONDON: Printed by A. MILLAR, in Pall-mall.

1742.

Vol. II.

CHAP. I.

THE DEATH OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

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A. Walker del. et sculp.



C Y D E R.

A

P O E M,

I N

T W O B O O K S.

—*Honos erit buic quoque Pomo?* VIRG.



G

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

GEORGE D. R.

PROF. E. M.

W. O. R. O. S.

—

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

C Y D E R.

B O O K I.

WHAT foil the apple loves, what care is due
To orchats, timeliest when to press the fruits,
Thy gift, *Pomona*, in *Miltonian* verse
Advent'rous I presume to sing; of verse
Nor skill'd, nor studious: but my native soil
Invites me, and the theme as yet unsung.

Ye *Ariconian* knights, and fairest dames,
To whom propitious Heav'n these blessings grants,
Attend my lays, nor hence disdain to learn,
How nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.
And thou, O *Mostyn*, whose benevolence,
And candor, oft experienc'd, me vouchsaf'd
To knit in friendship, growing still with years,

Accept this pledge of gratitude and love.
May it a lasting monument remain
Of dear respect; that, when this body frail
Is molder'd into dust, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know
I once was blest'd in such a matchless friend.

Whoe'er expects his lab'ring trees shou'd bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harvest yield,
Be this his first concern, to find a tract
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the *Hyperborean* blasts
Tempestuous, and cold *Eurus*' nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds: but to the west
Let him free entrance grant, let *Zephyrs* bland
Administer their tepid genial airs;
Naught fear he from the west, whose gentle warmth
Discloses well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender seeds; whose breath
Nurtures the Orange, and the Citron groves,
Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odors sweet

Wide

Wide thro' the air, and distant shores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds :
But when the blackning clouds in sprinkling show'rs
Distil, from the high summits down the rain
Runs trickling ; with the fertile moisture cheer'd,
The orchards smile ; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heav'nly dew.

Next let the planter, with discretion meet,
The force and genius of each soil explore ;
To what adapted, what it shuns averse :
Without this necessary care, in vain
He hopes an apple-vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields,
Rejoicing in rich mold, most ample fruit
Of beauteous form produce ; pleasing to sight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.
So nature has decreed ; so oft we see
Men passing fair, in outward lineaments
Elaborate ; less, inwardly, exact.
Nor from the sable ground expect success

Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune :
The Must, of pallid hue, declares the soil
Devoid of spirit ; wretched he, that quaffs
Such wheyish liquors ; oft with cholic pangs,
With pungent cholic pangs distress'd he'll roar,
And tofs, and turn, and curseth' unwholsom draught.
But, farmer, look, where full-ear'd sheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth, that soil select
For apples ; thence thy industry shall gain
Ten-fold reward ; thy garner, thence with store
Surcharg'd, shall burst ; thy press with purest juice
Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try
Thy feeble feet, and bind thy falt'ring tongue.
Such is the *Kentchurch*, such *Dantzeyan* ground,
Such thine, O learned *Brome*, and *Capel* such,
Willisan Burlton, much-lov'd *Geers* his *Marsh*,
And *Sutton-acres*, drench'd with regal blood
Of *Ethelbert*, when to th' unhallow'd feast
Of *Mercian Offa* he invited came,
To treat of spousals : long connubial joys

He

He promis'd to himself, allur'd by fair
Elfrida's beauty; but deluded dy'd

In height of hopes — oh! hardest fate, to fall
By shew of friendship, and pretended love!

I nor advise, nor reprehend the choice
Of *Mareley*-hill; the apple no where finds
A kinder mold: yet 'tis unsafe to trust
Deceitful ground: who knows but that, once more,
This mount may journey, and, his present site
Forsaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
The goodly plants, affording matter strange
For law-debates * ? if therefore thou incline
To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,

* *February* the seventh, 1571, at six o'clock in the evening, this hill roused itself with a roaring noise, and by seven the next morning had moved forty paces; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it sheep in their cotes, hedge-rows and trees, and in its passage overthrew *Kinnaston Chapple*, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former position. The ground thus moved was about twenty-six acres, which opened itself, and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards space, leaving that which was pasture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overspread with pasture. See *Speed's Account of Herefordshire*, page 49, and *Camden's Britannia*.

Fail not by frequent vows t'implore success;
Thus piteous Heav'n may fix the wandering glebe.

But if (for nature doth not share alike
Her gifts) an happy soil should be with-held;
If a penurious clay shou'd be thy lot,
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough,
Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones
And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
Beneath thy toil; the sturdy pear-tree here
Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root
Pierce the obstructing grit, and restive marle.
Thus naught is useless made; nor is there land,
But what, or of itself, or else compell'd,
Affords advantage. On the barren heath
The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the mossie turf,
Sufficient; after them the cackling goose,
Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want.
What shou'd I more? Ev'n on the clifffy height
Of *Penmenmaur*, and that cloud-piercing hill,

Plinlimmon,

Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Astonish'd, how the goats their shrubby brouze
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see,
How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence
Half overshades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearless of rending winds, and dashing waves,
Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish gust
Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground
Not lye unlabor'd; if the richest stem
Refuse to thrive, yet who wou'd doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to human use redound,
And penury, the worst of ills, remove?

There are, who, fondly studious of increase,
Rich foreign mold on their ill-natur'd land
Induce laborious, and with fatning muck
Besmear the roots; in vain! the nurfling grove
Seems fair a while, cherish'd with foster earth:
But when the alien compost is exhaust,
It's native poverty again prevails.

Tho' this art fails, despond not; little pains,

In

In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.
Th' industrious, when the Sun in *Leo* rides,
And darts his sultriest beams, portending drought,
Forgets not at the foot of ev'ry plant
To sink a circling trench, and daily pour
A just supply of alimential streams,
Exhausted sap recruiting; else false hopes.
He cherishes, nor will his fruit expect
Th' autumnal season, but, in summer's pride,
When other orchards smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great light of heav'n, that in his course
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire; sweltring they run
To grots, and caves, and the cool umbrage seek
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
Thirst inextinguishable: but if the spring
Preceding shou'd be destitute of rain,
Or blast septentrional with brushing wings

Sweep

Sweep up the smoky mists, and vapours damp,
Then woe to mortals ! *Titan* then exerts
His heat intense, and on our vitals preys ;
Then maladies of various kinds, and names
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
Of fairest nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reign far and near ; grim Death in different shapes
Depopulates the nations ; thousands fall
His victims ; youths, and virgins, in their flower,
Reluctant die, and fighting leave their loves
Unfinish'd, by infectious heav'n destroy'd.

Such heats prevail'd, when fair *Eliza*, last
Of *Winchcomb's* name (next thee in blood and worth,
O fairest *St. John* !) left this toilsome world
In beauty's prime, and sadden'd all the year :
Nor cou'd her virtues, nor repeated vows
Of thousand lovers, the relentless hand
Of death arrest ; she with the vulgar fell,
Only distinguish'd by this humble verse.

But

But if it please the sun's intemp'rate force
To know, attend ; whilst I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind,
How our fore-fathers, (luckless men !) ingulf'd
By the wide yawning earth, to *Stygian* shades
Went quick, in one sad sepulchre inclos'd.

In elder days, ere yet the *Roman* bands
Victorious, this our other world subdu'd,
A spacious city stood, with firmest walls
Sure mounded, and with num'rous turrets crown'd,
Aerial spires, and citadels, the seat
Of Kings, and herces resolute in war,
Fam'd *Ariconium* ; uncontrol'd, and free,
'Till all-subduing *Latian* arms prevail'd.
Then also, tho' to foreign yoke submiss,
She undemolish'd stood, and ev'n till now
Perhaps had stood, of ancient *British* art
A pleasing monument, not less admir'd
Than what from *Attic*, or *Etruscan* hands
Arose ; had not the heav'nly Pow'rs averse

Decreed

Decreed her final doom : for now the fields
Labour'd with thirst ; *Aquarius* had not shed ;
His wonted show'rs, and *Sirius* parch'd with heat
Solstitial the green herb : hence 'gan relax
The ground's contexture, hence *Fartarian* dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksome caves, by far
More dismal than the loud disploded roar
Of brazen enginry, that ceaseless storm
The bastion of a well-built city, deem'd
Impregnable : th' infernal winds, 'till now
Closely imprison'd, by *Titanian* warmth
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Disdain'd their narrow cells ; and, their full strength
Collecting, from beneath the solid mass
Upheav'd, and all her castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest seat ; old *Vaga's* stream,
Forc'd by the sudden shock, her wonted track
Forsook, and drew her humid train aslope,
Crankling her banks : and now the low'ring sky,
And

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Forc'd by the sudden shock, her wonted track
Forsook, and drew her humid train aslope,
Crankling her banks : and now the low'ring sky,
And

And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
The sinking hearts of men. Where shou'd they turn
Distress'd ? whence seek for aid ? when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives signs
Of wrath and desolation ? vain were vows,
And plaints, and suppliant hands to heav'n erect !
Yet some to fanes repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to *Thor*, and *Woden*, fabled gods,
Who with their vot'ries in one ruin shar'd,
Crush'd, and o'rwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood,
Run howling thro' the streets, their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin ; Horror stalks around,
Wild-staring, and, his sad concomitant,
Despair, of abject look : at ev'ry gate
The thronging populace with hasty strides
Press furiously, and, too eager of escape,
Obstruct the easy way ; the rocking town
Supplants their footsteps ; to, and fro, they reel
Astonish'd, as o'er-charg'd with wine ; when lo !

The ground adust her riven mouth disparts,
Horrible chasm ; profound ! with swift descent
Old *Ariconium* sinks, and all her tribes,
Heroes, and senators, down to the realms
Of endless night. Meanwhile, the loosen'd winds
Insuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds ; 'till all their force
Consum'd, her rav'nous jaws th'earth satiate clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone ; nor is there found a mark,
Whereby the curious passenger may learn
Her ample site, save coins, and mould'ring urns,
And huge unwieldy bones, lasting remains
Of that gigantic race ; which, as he breaks
The clotted glebe, the plowman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous tract of land,
She whilome stood ; now *Ceres*, in her prime,
Smiles fertile, and with ruddiest freight bedeckt,
The apple-tree, by our fore-fathers blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,

Urging

Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.

The prudent will observe, what passions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone,
But all the wide creation, nature gave
Love, and averſion) : everlaſting hate
The Vine to Ivy bears, nor leſs abhors
The Colewort's rankneſs ; but with amorous twine
Clasps the tall Elm : the Paſſan Roſe unfolds
Her bud more lovely, near the fetid Leek,
(Crest of ſtout *Britons*,) and inhances thence
The price of her celeftial ſcent : the Gourd,
And thirſty Cucumber, when they perceive
Th'approaching Olive, with reſentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverſe, deteſting contact ; whiſt the Fig
Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf,
Cloſe-neighbouring : th' *Herefordian* plant
Careſſes freely the contiguous Peach,
Hazel, and weight-reſiſting Palm, and likes
T' approach the Quince, and the Elder's pithy ſtem;

Uneasy, seated by funereal Yeugh,
Or Walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs
All generous fruits,) or near the bitter dews
Of Cherries. Therefore weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they associate best, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.

Would'st thou thy vats with gen'rous juice
Should froth?

Respect thy orchats; think not, that the trees
Spontaneous will produce an wholesome draught:
Let art correct thy breed: from parent bough

A Cyon meetly sever: after, force

A way into the crabstock's close-wrought grain
By wedges, and within the living wound

Enclose the foster twig; nor over-nice

Refuse with thy own hands around to spread

The binding clay: ere-long their differing veins

Unite, and kindly nourishment convey

To the new pupil; now he shoots his arms,

With quickest growth; now shake the teeming trunk,

H

Down

Down rain th' impurpled balls, ambrosial fruit.
Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' earth's purest spirit, and resist
It's feculence, which in more porous stocks
Of Cyder-plants finds passage free, or else
The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd
Thro' th' infix'd grass, a grateful mixture forms
Of tart and sweet; whatever be the cause,
This doubtful progeny by nicest tastes
Expected best acceptance finds, and pays
Largest revenues to the orchard-lord.

Some think, the Quince and Apple would combine
In happy union; others fitter deem
The Sloe-stem bearing Sylvan Plumbs austere.
Who knows but both may thrive? howe'er, what loss
To try the pow'rs of both, and search how far
Two different natures may concur to mix
In close embraces, and strange offspring bear?
Thou'lt find that plants will frequent changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms

Conjoin with others. So *Silurian* plants
Admit the Peach's odoriferous globe,
And Pears of sundry forms; at diff'rent times
Adopted Plumbs will alien branches grace;
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's branch
Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of particolor'd fruits, that please
The tongue, and view, at once. So *Mato's* Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious precepts gives
Instructive to the swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: sometimes she diverts
From solid counsels, shews the force of love
In savage beasts; how virgin face divine
Attracts the hapless youth thro' storms and waves,
Alone, in deep of night: Then she describes
The *Scythian* winter, nor disdains to sing
How under ground the rude *Riphaean* race
Mimick brisk Cyder with the brakes product wild;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and *Servis'* harshhest juice.

Let sage experience teach thee all the arts
Of grafting and in-eyeing ; when to lop
The flowing branches ; what trees answer best
From root, or kernel : she will best the hours
Of harvest, and seed-time declare ; by her
The diff'rent qualities of things were found,
And secret motions ; how with heavy bulk
Volatile *Hermes*, fluid and unmoist,
Mounts on the wings of air ; to her we owe
The *Indiagn* weed *, unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts ;
Friend to the spirits, which with vapors bland
It gently mitigates, companion fit
Of pleasantry, and wine ; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell
Warble melodious their well labor'd songs.

* Tobacco.

She found the polish'd glass, whose small convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, invisible else, of Nature's hand
Least animal; and shews, what laws of life
The cheese-inhabitants observe, and how
Fabrick their mansions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artists! but the hidden ways
Of Nature wouldst thou know? how first she frames
All things in miniature? thy specular orb
Apply to well dissected kernels; lo!
Strange forms arise, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs: observe the slender threads
Of first beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow seeds describ'd; thou'lt wond'ring say,
An inmate orchard ev'ry apple boasts.
Thus all things by experience are display'd,
And most improv'd. Then sedulously think
To meliorate thy stock; no way, or rule
Be unassay'd; prevent the morning star
Assiduous, nor with the western sun

Surcease to work ; lo ! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the live-long day
Consume in meditation deep, recluse
From human converse, nor, at shut of eve,
Enjoy repose ; but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking studies, if by chance
Thee I may counsel right ; and oft this care
Disturbs me slumb'ring. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thyself ? and rather choose
To lie supinely, hoping Heav'n will bless
Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd ?

'Twill profit, when the stork, sworn foe of snakes,
Returns, to shew compassion to thy plants,
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading shades
Of vegetables, and their thirsty limbs
Dissever : for the genial moisture, due
To apples, otherwise mispends itself
In barren twigs, and for th' expected crop,
Nought but vain shoots, and empty leaves abound.

When

When swelling buds their od'rous foliage shed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wise
Spare not the little offsprings, if they grow
Redundant ; but the thronging clusters thin
By kind avulsion : else the starv'ling brood,
Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield
A slender autumn ; which the niggard soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty hand,
That would not timely ease the pond'rous boughs.

It much conduces, all the cares to know
Of gard'ning, how to scare nocturnal thieves,
And how the little race of birds that hop
From spray to spray, scooping the costliest fruit
Insatiate, undisturb'd. *Priapus'* form
Avails but little ; rather guard each row
With the false terrors of a breathless kite.
This done, the timorous flock with swiftest wing
Scud thro' the air ; their fancy represents
His mortal talons, and his rav'nous beak
Destructive ; glad to shun his hostile gripe,

They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.

Besides, the filthy swine will oft invade
Thy firm inclosure, and with delving snout
The rooted forest undermine: forthwith
Halkoo thy furious mastiff, bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears,
A sad memorial of their past offence.

The flagrant *Procyon* will not fail to bring
Large shoals of slow house-bearing snails that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring slimy tracts
In the sleek rinds, and unprest Cyder drink.
No art averts this pest; on thee it lies,
With morning and with evening hand to rid
The preying reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this labour, which itself rewards
With pleasing gain, whilst the warm limbec draws
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.

Myriads of wasps now also clust'ring hang,
And drain a spurious honey from thy groves,
Their winter food; tho' oft repuls'd, again

They

They rally, undismay'd : but fraud with ease
Ensnarcs the noisome swarms ; let ev'ry bough
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
Of Moyle, or Mum, or Treacle's viscous juice ;
They by th' alluring odor drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet cates, and crouding sip
Their palatable bane ; joyful thou'lt see
The clammy surface all o'er-strown with tribes
Of greedy insects, that with fruitless toil
Flap filmy pennons oft, to extricate
Their feet, in liquid shackles bound, 'till death
Bereave them of their worthless souls : such doom
Waits luxury, and lawless love of gain !

Howe'er thou may'st forbid external force,
Intestine evils will prevail ; damp airs,
And rainy winters, to the centre pierce
Of firmest fruits, and by unseen decay
The proper relish vitiate : then the grub
Oft unobserv'd invades the vital core,
Pernicious tenant, and her secret cave

Enlarges

Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
Ceaseless; mean-while the apple's outward form
Delectable the witless swain beguiles,
'Till, with a writhen mouth, and spatt'ring noise,
He tastes the bitter morsel, and rejects
Disrelish't; not with less surprize, than when
Embattel'd troops with flowing banners pass
Thro' flow'ry meads delighted, nor distrust
The smiling surface; whilst the cavern'd ground,
With grain incentive stor'd, by sudden blaze
Bursts fatal, and involves the hopes of war,
In fi'ry whirls; full of victorious thoughts,
Torn and dismembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine eye, to view *Alcinous'* groves,
The pride of the *Phæacian* isle, from whence,
Sailing the spaces of the boundless deep,
To *Ariconium* precious fruits arriv'd:
The Pippin burnisht o'er with gold, the Moyle
Of sweetest honey'd taste, the fair Permain,
Temper'd, like comliest nymph, with red and white.

Salopian

Salopian acres flourish with a growth
Peculiar, styl'd the *Ottley* : be thou first
This Apple to transplant, if to the name
Its merit answers, no where shalt thou find
A wine more priz'd, or laudable of taste.
Nor does the *Eliot* least deserve thy care,
Nor John-Apple, whose wither'd rind, intrencht
With many a furrow, aptly represents
Decrepid age, nor that from *Harvey* nam'd,
Quick-relishing : why should we sing the Thrift,
Codling, or Pomroy, or of pimpled coat
The Ruffet, or the Cat's-Head's weighty orb,
Enormous in it's growth, for various use
Tho' these are meet, tho' after full repast
Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich dessert ?

What, tho' the Pear-tree rival not the worth
Of *Ariconian* products ? yet her freight
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching arms
Best screen thy mansion from the fervent Dog
Adverse to life ; the wintry hurricanes

In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
Breaks the strong onset, and controls their rage.
Chiefly the Bosbury, whose large increase,
Annual, in sumptuous banquets claims applause.
Thrice acceptable bev'rage! could but art
Subdue the floating lee, *Pomona's* self
Would dread thy praise, and shun the dubious strife.
Be it thy choice, when summer-heats annoy,
To sit beneath her leafy canopy,
Quaffing rich liquids! oh! how sweet t'enjoy,
At once her fruits, and hospitable shade!

But how with equal numbers shall we match
The Musk's surpassing worth! that earliest gives
Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, loads the spreading boughs
With large and juicy offspring, that defies
The vernal nippings, and cold syderal blasts!
Yet let her to the Red-streak yield, that once
Was of the *Sylvan* kind, unciviliz'd,
Of no regard, 'till *Scudamore's* skilful hand
Improv'd

Improv'd her, and by courtly discipline
Taught her the savage nature to forget :
Hence styl'd the *Scudamorean* plant ; whose wine
Who-ever tastes, let him with grateful heart
Respect that ancient loyal house, and wish
The nobler peer, that now transcends our hopes.
In early worth, his country's justest pride,
Uninterrupted joy, and health entire.

Let every tree in every garden own
The Red-streak as supreme, whose pulpos fruit
With gold irradiate, and vermilion shines
Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that
Primæval interdicted plant that won
Fond *Eve* in hapless hour to taste, and die.
This, of more bounteous influence, inspires
Poetic raptures, and the lowly Muse
Kindles to loftier strains ; ev'n I perceive
Her sacred virtue. See ! the numbers flow
Easy, whilst, cheer'd with her nectareous juice,
Hers, and my country's praises I exalt.

Hail

Hail *Herefordian* plant, that dost disdain
All other fields ! Heav'n's sweetest blessing, hail !
Be thou the copious matter of my song,
And thy choice *Nectar* ; on which always waits
Laughter, and sport, and care-beguiling wit,
And friendship, chief delight of human life.
What shou'd we wish for more ? or why, in quest
Of foreign vintage, insincere, and mixt,
Traverse th'extreamest world ? why tempt the rage
Of the rough ocean ? when our native glebe
Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
Of wine delectable, that far surmounts
Gallic, or *Latin* Grapes, or those that see
The setting sun near *Calpe's* tow'ring height.
Nor let the *Rhodian*, nor the *Lesbian* vines
Vaunt their rich Must, nor let *Tokay* contend
For sov'ranty ; *Phaneus* self must bow
To th' *Ariconian* vales : And shall we doubt
T' improve our vegetable wealth, or let
The soil lie idle, which, with fit manure,

Will

Will largest usury repay, alone
Impower'd to supply what nature asks
Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?
The meadows here, with bat'ning ooze enrich'd,
Give spirit to the grafs; three cubits high
The jointed herbage shoots; th' unfallow'd glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with store
Of golden wheat, the strength of human life.
Lo, on auxiliary poles, the Hops
Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array!
Lo, how the arable with Barley-grain
Stands thick, o'ershadow'd, to the thirsty hind
Transporting project! these, as modern use
Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compose,
Wholsome, of deathless fame. Here, to the sight,
Apples of price, and plenteous sheaves of corn,
Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial juice; so rich the soil,
So much does fructuous moisture o'er-abound!
Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops

To

To heav'n aspire, affording prospect sweet
To human ken ; nor at their feet the vales
Descending gently, where the lowing herd
Chew verd'rous pasture ; nor the yellow fields
Gaily' enterchang'd, with rich variety
Pleasing, as when an Emerald green, enchas'd
In flamy gold, from the bright mass acquires
A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
Next add the *Sylvan* shades, and silent groves,
(Haunt of the *Druids*) whence the earth is fed
With copious fuel ; whence the sturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard
Of *England's* throne, by sweating peasants fell'd,
Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war
To distant nations ; or with sov'ran sway
Awes the divided world to peace and love.
Why shou'd the *Chalybes*, or *Bilboa* boast
Their harden'd iron ; when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore ? can *T'molus'* head
Vie with our saffron odors ? or the fleece

Batis,

Bætic, or finest *Tarentine*, compare
With *Lemster's* filken wool ? where shall we find
Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
More prodigal of life ? in ancient days,
The *Roman* legions, and great *Cæsar* found
Our fathers no mean foes : and *Creffy* plains,
And *Agincourt*, deep-ting'd with blood, confess
What the *Silures* vigour unwithstood
Cou'd do in rigid fight ; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-wasting hand, first garter'd Knight,
Puissant author of great *Chandois'* stem,
High *Chandois*, that transmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,
T' his noble offspring. O thrice happy peer !
That, blest with hoary vigor, view'st thyself
Fresh blooming in thy generous son ; whose lips,
Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,
Charm the wise Senate, and attention win
In deepest councils : *Ariconium* pleas'd,
Him, as her chosen Worthy, first salutes.

I

Him

Him on th' *Iberian*, on the *Gallic* shore,
Him hardy *Britons* bless ; his faithful hand
Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
The General's conduct, than his care avails.

Thee also, glorious branch of *Cecil's* line,
This country claims ; with pride and joy to thee
Thy *Alterennis* calls : yet she induces
Patient thy absence, since thy prudent choice
Has fix'd thee in the Muses fairest seat *,
Where † *Aldrich* reigns, and from his endless store
Of universal knowledge still supplies
His noble care ; he generous thoughts instils
Of true nobility, their country's love,
(Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds
To human virtues : by his genius led,
Thou soon in every art pre-eminent
Shalt grace this isle, and rise to *Burleigh's* fame.

* *Oxford.*

† *Dr. Aldrich* Dean of *Christ-church*.

Hail high-born peer ! and thou, great nurse of arts,
And men, from whence conspicuous patriots spring,
Hanmer, and *Bromley* ; thou, to whom with due
Respect *Wintonia* bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred offspring ; be for ever blest
With like examples, and to future times
Proficuous, such a race of men produce,
As, in the cause of virtue firm, may fix
Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this vow
From one, the meanest in her numerous train ;
Tho' meanest, not least studious of her praise.

Muse, raise thy voice to *Beaufort's* spotless fame,
To *Beaufort*, in a long descent deriv'd
From royal ancestry, of kingly rights
Faithful asserters : in him centring meet
Their glorious virtues, high desert from pride
Disjoin'd, unshaken honour, and contempt
Of strong allurements. O illustrious prince !
O thou of ancient faith ! exulting, thee,
In her fair list this happy land inrolls.

Who can refuse a tributary verse
To *Weymouth*, firmest friend of slighted worth
In evil days ? whose hospitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train
Of daily guests ; whose board, with plenty crown'd,
Revives the feast-rites old : mean-while his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of secret goodness, shuns the praise,
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord,
To blazon what tho' hid will beauteous shine,
And with thy name to dignify my song.

But who is he, that on the winding stream
Of *Vaga* first drew vital breath, and now
Approv'd in *Anna's* secret councils sits,
Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast
Sollicitous of public good ? how large
His mind that comprehends whate'er was known
To old, or present time ; yet not elate,
Not conscious of its skill ? what praise deserves
His liberal hand, that gathers but to give,

Preventing suit? O not unthankful Muse,
Him lowly reverence, that first deign'd to hear
Thy pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious
tongues.

Acknowledge thy own *Harley*, and his name
Inscribe on every bark; the wounded plants
Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.

Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,
Or skill in peace, and war: of softer mold.
The female sex, with sweet attractive airs
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft,
That view their matchless forms with transient
glance,

Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown;
Smit with the magic of their eyes: nor hath
The dædal hand of Nature only pour'd
Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence
Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free
From pride, or artifice, long joys afford
To th' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane

Of life, rebate the miseries of age.
And is there found a wretch, so base of mind,
That woman's powerful beauty dares condemn,
Exactest work of Heav'n ? He ill deserves
Or love, or pity ; friendless let him see
Uneasy, tedious days, despis'd, forlorn,
As stain of human race : but may the man,
That chearfully recounts the females praise,
Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets
Enjoy with honour. O, ye Gods ! might I
Elect my fate, my happiest choice should be
A fair and modest virgin, that invites
With aspect chaste, forbidding loose desire,
Tenderly smiling ; in whose heav'nly eye
Sits purest love enthron'd : but if the stars
Malignant these my better hopes oppose,
May I, at least, the sacred pleasures know
Of strictest amity ; nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may share
Gladness and anguish, by kind intercourse

Of

Of speech, and offices. May in my mind,
Indelible a grateful sense remain
Of favours undeserv'd!—O thou! from whom
Gladly both rich and low seek aid; most wise
Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild, impartial reason; what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence
Freely vouchsafe, when to the gates of death
I tended prone? if thy indulgent care
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd shades
I now had wander'd; and these empty thoughts
Of apples perish'd: but, uprais'd by thee,
I tune my pipe afresh, each night, and day,
Thy unexampled goodness to extol
Desirous; but nor night, nor day suffice
For that great task; the highly honour'd name
Of *Trevor* must employ my willing thoughts
Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.
Let me be grateful; but let far from me

Be fawning cringe, and false dissembling look,
And servile flattery, that harbours oft
In courts and gilded roofs. Some loose the bands
Of ancient friendship, cancel nature's laws
For pageantry, and tawdry gugaws. Some
Renounce their fires, oppose paternal right
For rule, and pow'r; and others realms invade,
With specious shews of love. This traiterous wretch
Betrays his sov'ran. Others, destitute
Of real zeal, to ev'ry altar bend,
By lucre sway'd, and act the basest things
To be styl'd honourable: th' honest man,
Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
To ill-got wealth; rather from door to door
A jocund pilgrim, tho' distress'd, he'll rove,
Than break his plighted faith; nor fear, nor hope,
Will shock his stedfast soul; rather debarr'd
Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
Of meanest gain, of present goods despoil'd,
He'll bear the marks of infamy contemn'd,
Unpity'd;

Unpity'd; yet his mind, of evil pure,
Supports him, and intention free from fraud.
If no retinue with observant eyes
Attend him, if he can't with purple stain
Of cumbrous vestments, labor'd o'er with gold,
Dazzle the croud, and set them all agape;
Yet clad in homely weeds, from envy's darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
Of conscience, nor with spectres' grisly forms,
Demons, and injur'd souls, at close of day
Annoy'd, sad interrupted slumbers finds.
But (as a child, whose inexperience'd age
Nor evil purpose fears, nor knows,) enjoys
Night's sweet refreshment, humid sleep sincere.
When Chanticleer, with clarion shrill, recalls
The tardy day, he to his labors hies
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Fossils, and minerals, that th' embowell'd earth
Displays,

Displays, if by his industry he can
Benefit human race : or else his thoughts
Are exercis'd with speculations deep
Of good, and just, and meet, and th' wholesome
rules

Of temperance, and ought that may improve
The moral life ; not sedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd tongue to blast the fame
Of harmless men, or secret whispers spread
'Mong faithful friends, to breed distrust and hate,
Studious of virtue, he no life observes
Except his own ; his own employs his cares,
Large subject ! that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little stock denies
Fit alms to *Lazars*, merciful, and meek.

Thus sacred *Virgil* liv'd from courtly vice,
And bates of pompous *Rome* secure ; at court
Still thoughtful of the rural honest life,
And how t' improve his grounds, and how himself :
Best poet ! fit exemplar for the tribe

Of *Phœbus*, nor less fit *Mæonides*,
Poor eyeless pilgrim ! and if after these,
If after these another I may name,
Thus tender *Spenser* liv'd, with mean repast
Content, depress'd by penury, and pine
In foreign realm ; yet not debas'd his verse
By fortune's frowns. And had that other bard*,
Oh, had but he that first ennobled song
With holy rapture, like his *Abdiel* been ;
'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found ;
Unpity'd, he should not have wail'd his orbs,
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray
And found no dawn, by dim suffusion veil'd !
But he — however, let the Muse abstain,
Nor blast his fame, from whom she learnt to sing
In much inferior strains, grov'ling beneath
Th' *Olympian* hill, on plains, and vales intent,
Mean follower. There let her rest a-while,
Pleas'd with the fragrant walks, and cool retreat.

* *Milton.*

CYDER.



C Y D E R.

A

P O E M.

B O O K II.



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C Y D E R.

B O O K II.

O *Harcourt*, whom th' ingenuous love of arts
Has carry'd from thy native soil, beyond
Th' eternal *Alpine* snows, and now detains
In *Italy's* waste realms, how long must we
Lament thy absence? whilst in sweet sojourn
Thou view'st the reliques of old *Rome*; or, what
Unrival'd authors by their presence made
For ever venerable, rural seats,
Tibur, and *Tusculum*, or *Virgil's* urn
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
Respecting his great name, dost now approach
With bended knee, and strow with purple flowers;
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
This

This long delay. At length, dear youth, return,
Of wit, and judgment ripe in blooming years,
And *Britain's* isle with *Latian* knowledge grace.
Return, and let thy father's worth excite
Thirst of pre-eminence ; see ! how the cause
Of widows, and of orphans he asserts
With winning rhetoric, and well argu'd law !
Mark well his footsteps, and, like him, deserve
Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.

Mean-while (altho' the *Massic* grape delights
Pregnant of racy juice, and *Formian* hills
Temper thy cups, yet) wilt not thou reject
Thy native liquors : lo ! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the *British* vats
O'erflow with generous cyder ; far remote
Accept this labour, nor despise the Muse,
That, passing lands, and seas, on thee attends

Thus far of trees : the pleasing task remains,
To sing of wines, and autumn's blest increase.
Th' effects of art are shewn, yet what avails

'Gainst

'Gainst Heaven? oft, notwithstanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the small fruit'ry seems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blast
Disastrous flies, soon as the hind fatigu'd
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unskill'd
To bear the hot disease, distemper'd pines
In the year's prime; the deadly plague annoys
The wide inclosure: think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus disappointed. If the former years
Exhibit no supplies, alas! thou must
With tasteless water wash thy drougthy throat.

A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert, or check; uncertain all his toil,
'Till lusty autumn's luke-warm days allay'd
With gentle colds, insensibly confirm
His ripening labours: autumn to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces, - vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky grain,
Berries, and sky-dy'd Plumbs, and what in coat
K Rough,

Rough, or soft rind, or bearded husk, or shell;
Fat Olives, and Pistacio's fragrant nut,
And the Pine's tasteful Apple: autumn paints
Ausonian hills with Grapes, whilst *English* plains
Blush with pomaceous harvests, breathing sweets.
O let me now, when the kind early dew
Unlocks th' embosom'd odors, walk among
The well-rang'd files of trees, whose full ag'd store
Diffuse *Ambrosial* steams, than Myrrh, or Nard
More grateful, or perfuming flow'ry Bean!
Soft whisp'ring airs, and the lark's matten song
Then woo to musing, and becalm the mind
Perplex'd with irksome thoughts. Thrice happy
time,

Best portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought! but ah,
Short are our joys, and neighb'ring griefs disturb
Our pleasant hours. Inclement winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith frosty blasts deface

The

The blithsome year : trees of their shrivel'd fruits
Are widow'd, dreary forms o'er all prevail.
Now, now's the time ; ere hasty suns forbid
To work, disburden thou thy sapless wood
Of its rich progeny ; the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor ; now exhort
Thy hinds to exercise the pointed steel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder : now prepare
Materials for thy mill, a sturdy post
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight
Excessive, and a flexile fallow, entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hord.
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press
Long ere the vintage ; but with timely care
Shave the goat's shaggy beard, lest thou too late
In vain should'st seek a strainer to dispart
The husky, terrene dregs from purer Must.
Be cautious next a proper steed to find
Whose prime is past ; the vigorous horse disdains

Such fervile labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
His past atchievements, and victorious palms.
Blind *Bayard* rather, worn with work, and years,
Shall roll th' unwieldy stone; with sober pace
He'll tread the circling path 'till dewy eve,
From early day-spring, pleas'd to find his age
Declining not unuseful to his lord.

Some, when the press, by utmost vigour screw'd,
Has drain'd the pulpous mass, regale their swine
With the dry refuse; thou, more wise, shalt steep
Thy husks in water, and again employ
The pondrous engine. Water will imbibe
The small remains of spirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour; this the peasants blithe
Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling team
They drive, and sing of *Fusca's* radiant eyes,
Pleas'd with the medly draught. Nor shalt thou now
Reject the Apple-Cheese, tho' quite exhaust;
Ev'n now 'twill cherish, and improve the roots
Of sickly plants; new vigour hence convey'd
Will

Will yield an harvest of unusual growth.

Such profit springs from husks discreetly us'd!

The tender apples, from their parents rent
By stormy shocks, must not neglected lie,
The prey of worms: A frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which, subdu'd
By endless culture, with sufficient Must
His casks replenisht yearly: He no more
Desir'd, nor wanted, diligent to learn
The various seasons, and by skill repel
Invading pests, successful in his cares,
Till the damp *Libyan* wind, with tempests arm'd
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
His Cyder-grove: O'er-turn'd by furious blasts,
The sightly ranks fall prostrate, and around
Their fruitage scatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stript immature: Yet did he not repine,
Nor curse his stars; but prudent, his fall'n heaps
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tedded grass, and the sun's mellowing beams

Rival'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
A costly liquor, by improving time
Equal'd with what the happiest vintage bears.

But this I warn thee, and shall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures use, as some
With watry Turnips have debas'd their wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated brass, steaming with fire intense;
Altho' *Devonia* much commends the use
Of strengthning *Vulcan*; with their native strength
Thy wines sufficient, other aid refuse;
And, when th' allotted orb of time's compleat,
Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.

Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The priest's appointed share; with chearful heart
The tenth of thy increase bestow, and own
Heav'n's bounteous goodness, that will sure repay
Thy grateful duty: This neglected, fear
Signal vengeance, such as over-took
A miser, that unjustly once with-held

The clergy's due, relying on himself,
His fields he tended, with successless care,
Early, and late, when or unwish't for rain
Descended, or unseasonable frosts
Curb'd his increasing hopes, or, when around
The clouds dropt fatness, in the middle sky
The dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
His execrable glebe: Recording this,
Be just, and wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn now the promise of the coming year
To know, that by no flattering signs abus'd,
Thou wisely may'st provide: The various moon
Prophetic, and attendant stars explain
Each rising dawn; ere icy crusts surmount
The current stream, the heav'nly orbs serene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and *Cynthia* glows
With light unfully'd: Now the fowler, warn'd
By these good omens, with swift early steps
Treads the crimp earth, ranging thro' fields and
glades.

Offensive to the birds; sulphureous death
Checks their mid flight, and heedless while they
 strain

Their tuneful throats, the tow'ring, heavy lead
O'er-takes their speed; they leave their little lives
Above the clouds precipitant to earth.

The woodcock's early visit, and abode
Of long continuance in our temperate clime,
Foretel a liberal harvest; he of times
Intelligent, th' harsh *Hyperborean* ice
Shuns for our equal winters; when our suns
Gleave the chill'd soil, he backward wings his way
To *Scandinavian* frozen summers, meet
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent snows: O, may'st thou often see
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
Nutriceous! secret nitre lurks within
The porous wet, quick'ning the languid glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent vows implore
A moderate wind; the orchard loves to wave
 With

With winter winds, before the gems exert
Their feeble heads; the loosen'd roots then drink
Large increment, earnest of happy years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe
The monthly stars, their pow'ful influence
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each sign. On our account has *Jove*
Indulgent to all moons some succulent plant
Allotted, that poor helpless man might slack
His present thirst, and matter find for toil.
Now will the *Corinths*, now the *Rasps* supply
Delicious draughts; the *Quinces* now, or *Plumbs*,
Or *Cherries*, or the fair *Thisbeian* fruit
Are prest to wines; the *Britons* squeeze the works
Of sedulous bees, and mixing od'rous herbs
Prepare balsamic cups, to wheezing lungs
Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient fires.

But, if thou'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious drinks wou'dst brew;
Besides the orchard, ev'ry hedge and bush
Affords

Affords assistance ; ev'n afflictive Birch,
Curs'd by unletter'd, idle youth, distils
A limpid current from her wounded bark,
Profuse of nursing sap. When solar beams
Parch thirsty human veins, the damask'd meads;
Unforc'd display ten thousand painted flow'rs
Useful in potables. Thy little sons
Permit to range the pastures ; gladly they
Will mow the Cowslip-posies, faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain
Of icy taste, that, in mid fervors, best
Slack craving thirst, and mitigate the day.

Happy *Iërne* *, whose most wholesome air
Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids
The baleful toad, and viper, from her shore !
More happy in her balmy draughts, (enrich'd
With miscellaneous spices, and the root
For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd,) which wide

* *Ireland.*

Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Present redress, and lively health convey.

See, how the *Belgæ*, sedulous, and stout,
With bowls of fat'ning Mum, or blisful cups
Of kernel-relish'd fluids, the fair star
Of early *Phosphorus* salute, at noon
Jocund with frequent-rising fumes! by use
Instructed, thus to quell their native flegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.

What need to treat of distant climes, remov'd
Far from the sloping journey of the year,
Beyond *Petfora*, and Islandic coasts?
Where ever-during snows, perpetual shades
Of darkness, would congeal their livid blood,
Did not the *Arctic* tract, spontaneous yield
A chearing purple berry, big with wine,
Intensely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines, and oft
They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of strongest Brandy, yet scarce with these aids

Enabled

Enabled to prevent the sudden rot
Of freezing nose, and quick-decaying feet.

Nor less the sable borderers of *Nile*,
Nor who *Taprobane* manure, nor they,
Whom funny *Borneo* bears, are stor'd with streams
Egregious, Rum, and Rice's spirit extract.
For here, expos'd to perpendicular rays,
In vain they covet shades, and *Thrafcias'* gales,
Pining with *Æquinoctial* heat, unless
The cordial glass perpetual motion keep,
Quick circuiting ; nor dare they close their eyes,
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
With which, in often interrupted sleep,
Their frying blood compels to irrigate
Their dry-furr'd tongues, else minutely to death
Obnoxious, dismal death, th' effect of drought !

More happy they, born in *Columbus'* world,
Carybbs, and they, whom the Cotton plant
With downy-sprouting vests arrays ! their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once
Celestial

Celestial food, and nectar ; then, at hand:
The Lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long,
To vinous spirits added (heav'nly drink !)
They with pneumatic engine ceaseless draw,
Intent on laughter ; a continual tide
Flows from th' exhilarating fount. As, when
Against a secret cliff, with sudden shock
A ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the sea,
Th' astonish'd mariners ay ply the pump,
Nor stay, nor rest, 'till the wide breach is clos'd :
So they (but chearful) unfatigu'd, still move.
The draining sucker, then alone concern'd
When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.

But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
Are frustrate, should'st thou think thy pipes will flow
With early limpid wine. The hoarded store,
And the harsh draught, must twice endure the sun's
Kind strengthning heat, twice winter's purging cold.

There are, that a compounded fluid drain
From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,

Rough Eliot, sweet Permain, the blended streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleasurable medly, of what taste
Hardly distinguish'd; as the show'ry arch,
With list'd colours gay, Ore, Azure, Gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye,
That views the watry brede, with thousand shews
Of painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell
Or where one colour rises, or one faints.

Some Cyders have by art, or age, unlearn'd
Their genuine relish, and of sundry vines
Assum'd the flavour; one sort counterfeits
The *Spanish* product; this, to *Gauls* has seem'd
The sparkling Nectar of Champagne; with that,
A *German* oft has swill'd his throat, and sworn,
Deluded, that imperial *Rhine* bestow'd
The generous rummer, whilst the owner, pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his guests, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his cyder cask.

Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells

Of

Of close prest husks is freed, thou must refrain
Thy thirsty soul ; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholsome, undigested cades :
The hoary frosts, and northern blasts take care
Thy muddy bev'rage to serene, and drive
Precipitant the baser, ropy lees.

And now thy wine's transpicuous, purg'd from all
It's earthy gross, yet let it feed a while
On the fat refuse, lest too soon disjoin'd
From sprightly, it, to sharp, or vapid change,
When to convenient vigor it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflex ; self-taught, and voluntary flies
The defecated liquor, thro' the vent
Ascending, then by downward tract convey'd,
Spouts into subject vessels, lovely clear.
As when a noon-tide sun, with summer beams,
Darts thro' a cloud, her watry skirts are edg'd
With lucid amber, or undrossy gold :
So, and so richly, the purg'd liquid shines.

Now

Now also, when the colds abate, nor yet
Full summer shines, a dubious season, close
In glass thy purer streams, and let them gain,
From due confinement, spirit, and flavour new.

For this intent, the subtle chymist feeds
Perpetual flames, whose unresisted force
O'er sand, and ashes, and the stubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fusil sea,
That in his furnace bubbles sunny-red :
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd steel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a surprizing cube, or sphere,
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
For every liquid, with his plastic lungs,
To human life subservient ; by his means
Cyders in metal frail improve the Moyle,
And tasteful Pippin, in a moon's short year,
Acquire complete perfection : Now they smoke
Transparent, sparkling in each drop, delight
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.

But

But harsher fluids different lengths of time
Expect: Thy flask will slowly mitigate
The Eliot's roughness. *Stirom*, firmest fruit,
Embottled (long as *Priameian Troy*
Withstood the *Greeks*) endures, ere justly mild.
Softened by age, it youthful vigor gains,
Fallacious drink! ye honest men beware,
Nor trust its smoothness; the third circling glass
Suffices virtue: But may hypocrites,
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,
Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the relish weak,
Drink on unwarnd, 'till by enchanting cups
Infatuate; they their wily thoughts disclose,
And thro' intemp'rance grow awhile sincere.

The farmer's toil is done; his cades mature
Now call for vent, his lands exhaust permit
T' indulge awhile. Now solemn rites he pays
To *Bacchus*, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honest friends, at thirsty hour of dusk,
Come uninvited; he with bounteous hand

L

Imparts

Imparts his smoking vintage, sweet reward
Of his own industry ; the well-fraught bowl
Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell
With quavering laugh, and rural jests resounds.
Ease, and content, and undissembled love
Shine in each face ; the thoughts of labour past
Encrease their joy. As, from retentive cage
When fullen *Philomel* escapes, her notes
She varies, and of past imprisonment
Sweetly complains ; her liberty retriev'd
Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temp'rance, nor incroach on night,
Season of rest, but well bedew'd repair
Each to his home, with un-supplanted feet.
Ere heav'n's emblazon'd by the rosy dawn
Domestic cares awake them ; brisk they rise,
Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
From amicable talk, and moderate cups
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
Present

Present redrefs, and long oblivion drinks
Of coy *Lucinda*. Give the debtor wine;
His joys are short, and few; yet when he drinks
His dread retires, the flowing glasses add
Courage, and mirth: magnificent in thought,
Imaginary riches he enjoys,
And in the gaol expatiates unconfin'd.
Nor can the poet *Bacchus*' praise indite.
Debarr'd his grape: The Muses still require
Humid regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploring *Phæbus*, with unmoisten'd lips.
Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
By parching thirst allur'd: With vehement suns
When dusty summer bakes the crumbling clods,
How pleasant is't, beneath the twisted arch
Of a retreating bow'r, in mid-day's reign
To ply the sweet carouse, remote from noise,
Secur'd of fev'rish heats! When th' aged year
Inclines, and *Boreas*' spirit blusters froze,
Beware th' inclement heav'ns; now let thy hearth

Crackle with juiceless boughs; thy lingring blood
Now instigate with th' apple's pow'rful streams.
Perpetual show'rs, and stormy gusts confine
The willing plowman, and *December* warns
To annual jollities; now sportive youth
Carol incondite rhythms, with suiting notes,
And quaver unharmonious; sturdy swains
In clean array for rustic dance prepare,
Mixt with the buxom damsels; hand in hand
They frisk, and bound, and various mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien,
Transported, and sometimes an oblique leer
Dart on their loves, sometimes an hasty kiss
Steal from unwary lasses; they with scorn,
And neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd blifs.
Mean-while blind *British* bards with volant touch
Traverse loquacious strings, whose solemn notes
Provoke to harmless revels; these among,
A subtle artist stands, in wondrous bag
That bears imprison'd winds, (of gentler sort

Than those, which erst *Laertes'* son enclos'd.)
Peaceful they sleep; but let the tuneful squeeze
Of labouring elbow rouse them, out they fly
Melodious, and with sprightly accents charm.
'Midst these disports, forget they not to drench
Themselves with bellying goblets, nor when spring
Returns, can they refuse to usher in
The fresh-born year with loud acclaim, and store
Of jovial draughts, now, when the sappy boughs
Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments
Of future harvest: When the *Gnassian* crown
Leads on expected autumn, and the trees
Discharge their mellow burdens, let them thank
Boon nature, that thus annually supplies
Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
Exhilarates their languid minds, within
The golden Mean confin'd: Beyond there's naught
Of health, or pleasure. Therefore, when thy heart
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager soul
Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure

'Tis time to shun it ; if thou wilt prolong
Dire computation, forthwith reason quits
Her empire to confusion, and misrule,
And vain debates ; then twenty tongues at once
Conspire in senseless jargon, naught is heard
But din, and various clamor, and mad rant :
Distrust, and jealousy to these succeed,
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays
Commence, the brimming glasses now are hurl'd
With dire intent ; bottles with bottles clash
In rude encounter, round their temples fly
The sharp-edg'd fragments, down their batter'd
cheeks

Mixt gore, and cyder flow. What shall we say
Of rash *Elpenor*, who in evil hour
Dry'd an immeasurable bowl, and thought
'T' exhale his surfeit by irriguous sleep,
Imprudent ? him death's iron-sleep oppress,
Descending careless from his couch ; the fall

Luxt his neck-joint, and spinal marrow bruis'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The turbulent mirth of wine ; nor all the kinds
Of maladies, that lead to death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,
Intestine stone, and pining atrophy,
Chill, even when the sun with *July* heats
Fries the scorch'd soil, and dropsy all-a-float,
Yet craving liquids : Nor the *Centaurs* tale
Be here repeated ; how with lust, and wine
Inflam'd, they fought, and spilt their drunken souls
At feasting hour. Ye heav'nly Pow'rs that guard
The *British* isles, such dire events remove
Far from fair *Albion*, nor let civil broils
Ferment from social cups : May we, remote
From the hoarse, brazen sound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with seemly draughts
Enkindle mirth, and hospitable love.
Too oft, alas ! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our swords in native blood ; too oft has pride,

And hellish discord, and insatiate thirst
Of others rights, our quiet discompos'd.
Have we forgot, how fell destruction rag'd
Wide-spreading, when by *Eris*' torch incens'd
Our fathers warr'd? what heroes, signaliz'd
For loyalty, and prowess, met their fate
Untimely, undeserv'd! how *Bertie* fell,
Compton, and *Granvill*, dauntless sons of *Mars*,
Fit themes of endless grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet surviving in their race!
Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong rout
Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith or duty, or allegiance sworn?
Apostate, atheist rebels! bent to ill,
With seeming sanctity, and cover'd fraud,
Instill'd by him, who first presum'd t' oppose
Omnipotence; alike their crime, th' event
Was not alike; these triumph'd, and in height
Of barbarous malice, and insulting pride,
Abstain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd!

Unparallel'd ! O *Charles*, O best of Kings !
What stars their black disastrous influence shed
On thy nativity, that thou should'st fall
Thus, by inglorious hands, in this thy realm,
Supreme and innocent, adjudg'd to death
By those thy mercy only wou'd have sav'd !
Yet was the Cyder-land unstain'd with guilt ;
The Cyder-land obsequious still to thrones,
Abhorr'd such base disloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into swords,
Undaunted, to assert the trampled rights
Of monarchy ; but, ah ! successless she,
However faithful ! then was no regard
Of right, or wrong. And this, once happy, land,
By home-bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic sway, 'till fair-revolving years
Our exil'd Kings, and liberty restor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty ANNA's care
Secure at home, while she to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and restrains
The

The rage of Kings : Here, nobly she supports
Justice oppress'd ; here, her victorious arms
Quell the ambitious : From her hand alone
All *Europe* fears revenge, or hopes redress.
Rejoice, O *Albion* ! sever'd from the world
By Nature's wise indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without ; in one supreme
Intirely blest ; and from beginning time
Design'd thus happy ; but the fond desire
Of rule, and grandeur multiply'd a race
Of Kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd,
Destructive of the public weal : For now
Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory seeks
With ruinous assault ; on every plain
Host cop'd with host, dire was the din of war,
And ceaseless, or short truce haply procur'd
By havoc, and dismay, till jealousy
Rais'd new combustion : Thus was peace in vain
Sought

Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict stern :
'Till *Edgar* grateful, (as to those who pine
A dismal half-year night, the orient beam
Of *Phæbus*' lamp) arose, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending pow'rs,
Pacific monarch ; then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The spirit of love ; at ease, the bards new strung
Their silent harps, and taught the woods and vales,
In uncouth rhythms, to echo *Edgar*'s name.
Then gladness smil'd in ev'ry eye ; the years
Ran smoothly on, productive of a line
Of wise, heroic Kings, that by just laws
Establish'd happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting enemies in farthest climes.

See lion-hearted *Richard*, with his force
Drawn from the north, to *Jewry*'s hallow'd plains !
Piously valiant, (like a torrent swell'd
With wintry tempests, that disdains all mounds,
Breaking a way impetuous, and involves
Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he press'd
Amidst

Amidst the thickest battel, and o'er-threw
What-e'er withstood his zealous rage; no pause,
No stay of slaughter, found his vigorous arm,
But th' unbelieving squadrons turn'd to flight
Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds
Mangled behind: The *Soldan*, as he fled,
Oft call'd on *Alla*, gnashing with despite,
And shame, and murmur'd many an empty curse.

Behold third *Edward*'s streamers blazing high
On *Gallia*'s hostile ground! his right withheld,
Awakens vengeance; O imprudent *Gauls*,
Relying on false hopes, thus to incense
The warlike *English*! one important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts: Eager of fight,
Fierce *Brutus*' off-spring to the adverse front
Advance resistless, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce; the mighty force
Of *Edward* twice o'erturn'd their desperate King;
Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid shock:
The third time, with his wide-extended wings,
He fugitive declin'd superior strength,
Discomfited;

Discomfited ; pursu'd, in the sad chace
Ten thousands ignominious fall ; with blood
The vallies float : Great *Edward* thus aveng'd,
With golden *Iris* his broad shield emboss'd.

Thrice glorious prince ! whom fame with all
her tongues

For ever shall resound. Yet from his loins
New authors of dissension spring ; from him
Two branches, that in hosting long contend
For sov'ran sway ; and can such anger dwell
In noblest minds ? but little now avail'd
The ties of friendship ; every man, as led
By inclination, or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate,
And dire revenge : Now horrid slaughter reigns ;
Sons against fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careless of duty, and their native grounds
Distain with kindred blood ; the twanging bows
Send show'rs of shafts, that on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see
Barons, and peasants on th' embattled field
Slain,

Slain, or half dead, in one huge, ghastly heap
Promiscuously amass: With dismal groans,
And ejulation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd
In the fierce shock, lie gasping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery couriers; horror thus,
And wild uproar, and desolation reign'd
Unrespited: Ah! who at length will end
This long, pernicious fray? what man has Fate
Reserv'd for this great work?—Hail, happy prince
Of *Tudor's* race, whom in the womb of time
Cadwallador foresaw! thou, thou art he,
Great *Richmond Henry*, that by nuptial rites
Must close the gates of *Janus*, and remove
Destructive discord: Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangor shrill
Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood;
But joy, and pleasure open to the view
Uninterrupted! with presaging skill
Thou to thy own unitest *Fergus'* line
By wise alliance: from thee *James* descends,
Heav'n's

Heav'n's chosen fav'rite, first *Britannic* King.
To him alone hereditary right
Gave pow'r supreme; yet still some seeds remain'd
Of discontent; two nations under one,
In laws and int'rest diverse, still pursu'd
Peculiar ends, on each side resolute
To fly conjunction; neither fear, nor hope,
Nor the sweet prospect of a mutual gain,
Cou'd ought avail, 'till prudent *Anna* said
Let there be Union; frait with reverence due
To her command, they willingly unite,
One in affection, laws and government,
Indissolubly firm; from *Dubris* south,
To northern *Orcades*, her long domain.

And now thus leagu'd by an eternal bond,
What shall retard the *Britons* bold designs,
Or who sustain their force; in union knit,
Sufficient to withstand the pow'rs combin'd
Of all this globe? at this important act
The *Mauritanian* and *Cathaian* Kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd *Turk*
Dreads

Dreads war from utmost *Thule* ; uncontrol'd
The *British* navy thro' the ocean vast
Shall wave her double cross, t' extreamest climes
Terrific, and return with od'rous spoils
Of *Araby* well fraught, or *Indus*' wealth,
Pearl, and barbaric gold ; mean-while the swains
Shall unmolested reap what plenty sows
From well stor'd horn, rich grain, and timely fruits.
The elder year, *Pomona*, pleas'd, shall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd births, whose liquid store
Abundant, flowing in well blended streams,
The natives shall applaud ; while glad they talk
Of baleful ills, caus'd by *Bellona*'s wrath
In other realms ; where-e'er the *British* spread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
Diffusive, to the utmost bounds of this
Wide universe, *Silurian* cyder borne
Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the vine.

F I N I S.



